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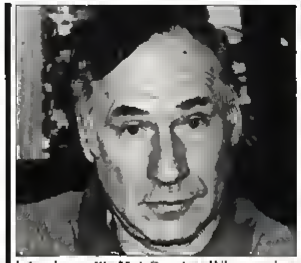
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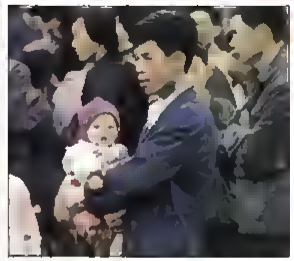
APRIL 17, 1978 CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE VOL. 91, NO. 8

Maclean's

12 Lettere
18 Referendum Debate
23 Preview
24 Canadian News
63 World News
67 People
68 Business
70 Sports
72 Behavior
77 Mordecai Richler
84 Books
88 Theatre
90 Obituary
92 Fotheringham



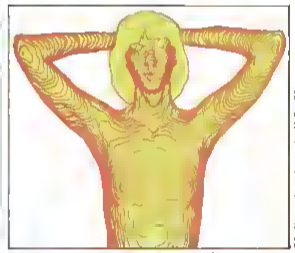
Interview with Mel Brooks: What is this hyperkinetic comic genius really like? Well for one thing, he's pretty crazy. Also he's crazy. And once you get past all that you find he's crazy. **Page 4**



The Second Great Leap: With Mao and the Red Guard gone and the Gang of Four indisposed at the moment, China has begun to direct its considerable energies toward building a modern society. **Page 32**



The President's Analyzer: One difference between Jimmy Carter's Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and the original is that you don't have to scratch nearly as deep to find the Cold Warrior. **Page 47**



A blessing and a curse: Over the past few months definitive studies have given substance to long-held fears about the birth control pill. The risks are there, but the question is: are they worth it? **Page 55**

COVER PHOTO DRAWN BY TED RUSSELL



How to talk stupid and influence people: If you've really got your head together and can handle the hostile vibes we're generating, get in touch with our feelings and learn to self-actualize. **Page 74**



All About Craig: In the bizarre world of female impersonation, there is not one more bizarre—or better—than Craig Russell. But like his Judy Garland, his saddest role is played offstage. **Page 78**

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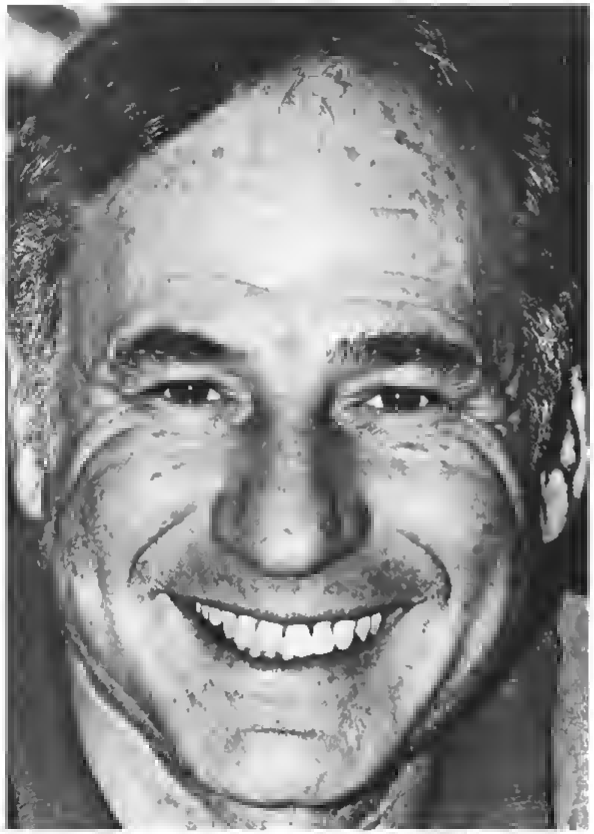
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Interview

With Mel Brooks

Melvin Kaminsky, better known to his legion of fans as Mel Brooks, has been making people laugh for 51 years, from his first da-da-ba-ga-ba-ba at four months to his recent Hitchcockian film spoof *High Anxiety*. Although Brooks is hard put to explain the source of his comic genius (even after six years in psychoanalysis), he remains one of North America's most durable and funniest comedians. Brooks got his first major break in show business by helping to script Sid Caesar's now legendary Fifties TV variety show, *Your Show Of Shows*, and later collaborated with Carl Reiner to create the now classic *The 2,000-Year-Old Man* sketch ("a man with 42,000 children, and not one comes to visit"). Brooks, married to actress Anne Bancroft, subsequently branched out into feature films (*The Producers, The Twelve Chairs, Blazing Saddles, Young Frankenstein* and *Silent Movie*). He was interviewed in Los Angeles by *Maclean's* contributing editor Philip Fleishman.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP FLEISHMAN

Brooks: I'd like to apologize and explain to you, anyone who may be hearing this tape, that the phonetic inarticulation is due to the fact that I'm eating a Rome Beauty, which is an American apple.

Maclean's: *We don't have them in Canada. The closest thing is a Delicious apple.*

Brooks: Now the Delicious apple I don't like. It's too tall. It's not round enough. It has too much ... it's fraught with shoulders, so to speak. I prefer McIntosh, which has just a little bit of tartness in the apple. I know more about apples than I do about show business, as many critics are wont to shout.

Maclean's: *Where exactly did you learn so much about apples?*

Brooks: Observation and deduction, my boy. I observe everything and deduce almost nothing.

Maclean's: *Let me ask you a question that might be a little more pertinent. What's a nice Jewish boy like you doing in a business like this?*

Brooks: I guess it was a series of unlucky accidents. Because if I didn't get into this business, I probably would have become a lace salesman.

Maclean's: *A lace salesman?*

Brooks: Lace. L-a-c-e. I have a penchant for flax. You can catch me between 3 and 4 a.m., alone with great deals of flax. I like flax and flax likes me. It's my only real sexual perversion. Flax.

Maclean's: *I've heard that you had no sexual perversions.*

Brooks: Not true. I practice bondage and discipline in the afternoon and I do my flax late at night.

I like flax and flax likes me. It's my only real sexual perversion. Flax

Maclean's: *Besides the fact that you preferred lace?*

Brooks: Yeah, I love lace. I like doilies. I like tablecloths. I like the little things, antimacassars I think they're called. Are you familiar with the word antimacassar? That's the word for the little lace cover on the arms of the armchair. Antimacassars they're called. Yeah.

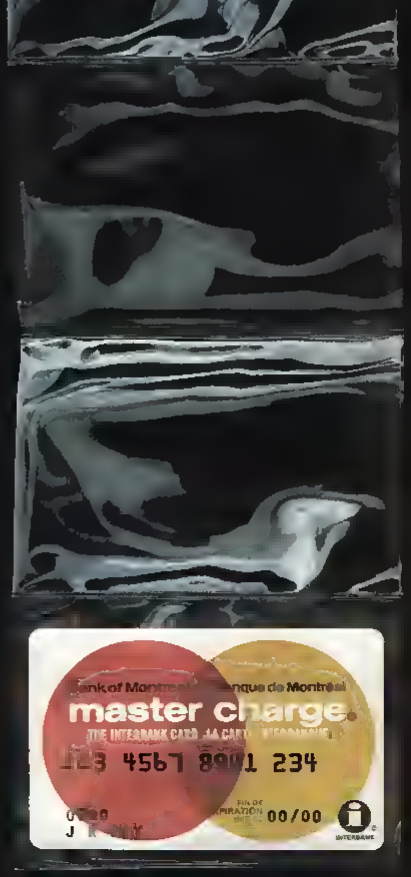
Maclean's: *You obviously haven't become a lace salesman.*

Brooks: No.

Maclean's: *What have you become, and why?*

Brooks: I've become a bit of a wino. I like red wine. Did you know that about me? People in my family prefer to call me a wine *connoisseur* because I'm familiar with the secret pleasures of wine, red wine espe-

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cially But I will drink a bottle of Ripple if the vintage is good, if it's a '59, or even a '61 Manischewitz

Maclean's: *'61 Manischewitz?*

Brooks: Yeah

Maclean's: *Around that time, 1961, you were also working for Sid Caesar, as a comedy writer?*

Brooks: Yeah I was one of the staff Sid and I got along famously together He could do incredible Jewish accents "I don't vant nobody to take the rowboats but the people that can row them back" He was fabulous I had found a vehicle for my comic passion Everything I wrote could be played by Sid Caesar Along came television Sid asked me to write the show I wrote the show, and for the first five years it was called *Your Show Of Shows* It was 1½ hours live

Maclean's *Where did your passion for comedy come from?*

Brooks: I'm finished with the apple That's why I'm speaking so beautifully now

Maclean's *The original passion?*

Brooks: In me?

Maclean's *Yes*

Brooks: I don't know Maybe genetic I have no idea the *aura* of that strange coalescence of vapor that creates a personality is often beyond the realm of science and in the purview of the imagination of the surreal of God-given accidents There are physical reasons sometimes when somebody is funny-looking and short, he is comical Maybe his peer group exerts certain pressures on him and he responds through comedy Another thing maybe like myself the baby of the family, always being adored and psychologically wanting to keep that adoration alive I don't know why certain people are driven to become certain things Psychologists will tell you why but they're often wrong They're just supporting the fact that they're psychologists by making up these absurd reasons

Maclean's: *What were some of the first bits that used to get a laugh?*

Brooks: Da-da-ba-ga-ba-da-da-ba-ba I was four months old It got laughs Do you want me to move a little further than that? I always felt it was my job to amuse those around me Don't ask me why That was my job Who knew that you could get paid for it that there was a job called being a comedian Who knew? I don't know

Maclean's: *Your first feature film,* The Producers *was relatively successful, but it was also considered to be in somewhat bad taste*

Brooks: It was a succes d'estime That's a nice word for a commercial failure It was an absolute commercial failure The critics were for the most part very cruel *The New York Times* indicated that I should not make movies that it was not my field

Maclean's: *Where did the comic influences come from? Sid Caesar was one of them Another was Neil Simon But your work is totally different*

Brooks My work is large unstructured, rambling, vulgar and every once in a while has an insane, blinding blast of imagination that I hope pushes all of it ahead one notch and into perhaps the creative art of comedy

Maclean's *Why vulgar?*

Brooks: Well I mean a lot of cowboys sitting around a campfire farting is not exactly drawing-room comedy Shakespeare said hold the mirror up to life, I held it a little behind and below I mean, forgive me, but I thought I've seen a thousand cowboy movies ever since I was a



How much of my comedy is founded in my Jewish psyche? I'd say 31½%–I'm guessing

baby, and they always swill black coffee and eat tons of hot beans, scrape them off tin plates, and they never make even so much as a burp let alone a fart and I mean you can't eat so many beans without some noise happening there What happens with that scene from *Blazing Saddles* is miraculous With the first fart a slight shudder goes through the crowd and you can hear a gasp from the people who are just a little more sensitive With the next series of three or four farts titters begin to escape from mouths The fifth or sixth fart evokes a flat-out laugh from a third of the audience By the time the sixteenth fart rolls around, the entire audience is in a state of hysterical convulsion Suddenly you see gaps in the audience and they're people who're literally on the floor trying to hold on to their own sphincters, laughing you know to beat the band

Maclean's: *You've lived to see success*

Brooks: I've outlived my bad reviews Had I not done *Blazing Saddles* let's face it, had I just done *The Producers* and *The Twelve Chairs*, they would not be the memorable cultist films that play around all the time in the small theatres on the edge of town They would be gone

Maclean's *Were you ever worried that you weren't going to be given that third chance?*

Brooks: Very worried The man that's under the most pressure in Hollywood is David Begelman He was the head of Columbia Pictures, and he's under pressure for misappropriating funds and they're all out to kill him Anyway Begelman, who together with Freddy Fields had an agency called CMA, sees me walking in the street and says, "Why so glum Mel?" "David," I say, "here I've done *The Producers* and *The Twelve Chairs*, and I can't get a job" "Come with me," says David, and buys me lunch, and takes me to his office spends five hours with me, the busiest man Redford calling can't take the call literally "We've got to get you a job you're too talented I'm going to be your agent without commission until you're on your feet, and if you want to hire me, fine" He turns me around from a wistful cultist failure to a critically assailed commercial success, in a period of 18 months Literally I got *Young Frankenstein*, I got a three-picture deal with Fox, I got everything out of *Blazing Saddles*, because the picture has done close to $50 million in rentals today This man David Begelman I will be forever grateful to him People are quick to scream rape or lynch, or one of those words I hate the mob from the bottom of my heart I've always hated mob thought and mob action, and that's what's happening in Hollywood against David Begelman now Now ask me another question

Maclean's: *How much of your comedy is founded in your Jewish psyche?*

Brooks: 31½%, I'd say I'm guessing

Maclean's: *I was curious about what you said about mob reactions Where does that emotion came from?*

Brooks: That may be my Jewish heritage the Jew being persecuted, especially my mother's people in the Ukraine the pogroms More than anything the great holocaust by the Nazis is probably the great outrage of the 20th century There's nothing to compare with it And so what can I do about it? If I get on the soapbox and wax eloquently it'll be blown away in the wind but if I do *Springume For Hitler* it'll never be forgotten I think you can bring down totalitarian governments faster by using ridicule than you can with invective

Maclean's *A lot of your material is psychologically based and you went through a period of therapy yourself*

Brooks About six years, yes, I was on the



couch six years But I always took my shoes off

Maclean's: *What future projects are you considering?*

Brooks: I was thinking about doing a series of bits maybe called Brooksamania or Brooksian Insanities of 1979, and in it I would put some of my favorite ideas Maybe English Restoration comedy in which two London fops leave their townhouse and walk to their carriage, stepping over the Hogarthian poor crushing their bones while you hear, "Oh, please, give us something gov'nor" And they are so exquisite and so elite and they speak such wonderful English that we can't understand it, these rich fops So we have subtitles for the first time in an English movie One of my favorites would be to have the Nobel Prize ceremonies done like we do the Academy Awards, shamelessly you know Jonas Salk may win and say "I'm sure E=mc² is a very important contribution to humanity, and I'm sure that Mr Schweitzer's lepers taught us something, but I'm very glad you gave it to Poland"

Maclean's: *You have just won the first Charles Chaplin award.*

Brooks: Yeah, I won it because I look a little like him The student body of UCLA gave me a standing ovation, and instead of crying I told them to sit down and mind their manners I told them it was very smart to give me the award because I'm very good I told them that Charlie Chaplin lives His spirit is green and fresh, whilst other great figures of the period the D W Griffiths, wonderful film makers, are dusty, and you've got to call a friend who knows a friend at a museum to get some torn 16mm print of *The Birth Of A Nation* or *Greed*

Maclean's: *Do you want to create what Chaplin created?*

Brooks: I don't want to create anything I don't think in terms of results at all I think what next insanity can I shock the world with? What can I say to for my fellow citizens of the world? How crazy shall I be? And whether they're failures like *The Producers*, or successes like *Blazing Saddles* it's not important I've got to get this stuff out of my system

Maclean's: *How do you feel being responsible for something that costs millions of dollars to make?*

Brooks: I don't spend a lot of money I'm one of the few film makers in Hollywood who spends $3½ million to make a major motion picture I don't know what *Close Encounters* cost but I know it has to make $51 million just to break even It's incredible Maybe I'm a little Jewish candy-store owner, but I really think it's too much Any movie that costs more than 10 million dollars shouldn't be done

Maclean's: *Could the money be better used?*

Brooks: Of course I think it should be used for armaments to blow people out of this world Cobalt bombs that's what we should use I'm being facetious It's outrageous that we should spend 30 million dollars to make a movie It doesn't make it better *The Seventh Seal* cost $400,000 at the most *Miracle In Milan*, *The Bicycle Thieves* what did they cost? $200,000? Masterpieces And God bless Charlie Chaplin What the hell did *City Lights* cost? It probably cost 500,000 bucks And has anybody made a better comedy than *City Lights*? I don't think so, except *The Producers* I shouldn't say that Shame on me

Maclean's: *Beneath the surface of Mel*



I don't think in terms of results. I think: what next insanity can I shock the world with?

Brooks, is there an artist seeking to make the great film?

Brooks: No you're not going to find an artist, you're going to find a short Jew who really wants to work on a stage in Las Vegas, gamble later and say "Hi ya Sammy hi ya Frank, how's it going?" And I want Sammy to say "Who's that beautiful tall blonde with you?" And I'd say, "Never mind" That's the life I want I want to drink bourbon like Frank And I would also like to make *Les Enfants du Paradis*

Maclean's: *For* High Anxiety *you wrote the title song You produced, directed and starred in the film*

Brooks: I am the star, the Jewish star, the *Mogan David* of this film I am the six-pointed beauty It's basically a straight role because when you do a send-up of an Alfred Hitchcock film, it's incumbent upon you to play the central role like James Stewart or Cary Grant or any number of Hitchcock heroes He usually has a very well dressed man in a vest and a Phi Beta Kappa key being chased by all kinds of villains and the police He's on the run from everybody and usually at his side is a girl named Tippy with blonde hair Tippy or Doris they always have blonde hair

Maclean's: *In one scene you're being chosed by pigeons*

Brooks: Yes But they're not pecking at me They're not feathered peckers They just leave little green messages all over a beautiful three-piece suit It was very hard to get that stuff out. I wanted to keep that suit so I could wear it in French restaurants and make believe I was rich

Maclean's: *You're bringing out the sound track of* High Anxiety

Brooks: Yeah, the first side of it has your obedient Jew singing *exactement comme* Frank Sinatra Yes, yes, ladies and germs I sing a lot like him, and I will sing *High Anxiety* on that record You want to hear a little? "High Anxiety, whenever you're near, oooh-xiety, it's you that I fear My heart's afraid to fly, it's crashed before but then you take my hand, my heart starts to soar Once more" And that's without the band

Maclean's: *A lot of your films refer to what one would call, in the psychiotric profession, anal fixation.*

Brooks: What do you mean by anal fixation? You've got to be careful with those terms Anal fixation sometimes means a penchant for neatness, so anality as it were is a little different from an anal fixation The critics always get it wrong and the critics are not necessarily intellectuals, or even well-read or even nice people Now I do like to run the gamut of the orifices I think there should be talking and kissing from the mouth I think there should be blowing of the nose I think there should be cleaning of the wax of the ears And I do think there should be some attention paid to toosh functions I could have been a great doctor

Maclean's: *Did you ever really want to be a doctor?*

Brooks: I think I did I really get a kick out of making people feel good There is no greater joy for me than to sit in the first row of a movie house showing one of my films and turn around It's not so much the laughter, it's the glow of the faces in anticipation or just the silver light of the screen bathing over their faces Success, money, they're all by-products Fame, the enemy is a by-product It's no good to be famous It really doesn't pay People watching you, they don't behave normally when you're around and your God-given gifts of observation are out the window Whatever anonymity I have I try to cling to

"If we need oil and gas, why look for coal and uranium?"

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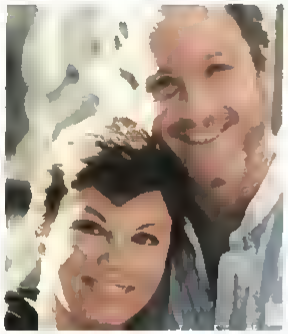


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Letters

What Canadians don't know does hurt them

I feel upset that no mention is made of the fact that five Canadian films were nominated for the Oscars in the cover story by David Cobb *They Have Faces Again*!



Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss, two of the 'Feces' help where it's not needed?

(March 20) The National Film Board is recognized as one of the best short-film makers in the world except perhaps by Canadians. Your failure to give national attention to their successes helps keep Canadians in the dark.

TOM SHOEBRIDGE OTTAWA

David Cobb did an excellent job of outlining the many problems and contradictions that are and probably always will be part of the Hollywood milieu. I was amazed, however that there was no mention of the rather odd position that Walt Disney Productions holds in the American film industry. In the era of freewheeling content Disney's films have no sex, minimal violence and a sentimentality of approach that regularly means that they are either ignored or panned by critics. Yet they consistently attract the most competent actors and they invariably make money.

PAUL CONSTABILE TORONTO

Another opening, another show

I thoroughly enjoyed the humor of Allan Fotheringham's *Thrice Is He Armed That Hath His Quarrel Just* (March 20) about the coming election. We can hardly wait to hear what Trudeau has in his overflowing bag of promises.

STELLA MILLS WINDTHORST SASK.

More things in heaven and earth . .

As a person involved in researching and teaching a science, I become tired of being misrepresented in articles such as *The Jehovah Factor* (March 20). Terence Dickinson states: "If there is one belief one incentive shared by scientists through the ages it is this: nothing is unknowable, nothing can escape clarification by the scientific method." This 'belief" is held by some scientists, not by all. The opposing point of view—the recognition that the scientific method cannot cope effectively with many unique or non-repetitive phenomena that there is knowledge beyond the grasp of the human mind—is hardly something new. It has been with us since the late 1920s when Heisenberg stated the "Principle of Uncertainty."

STUART J. BALDWIN
DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA EDMONTON

I very much enjoyed your excellent article *The Jehovah Factor*. It is interestingly written both profound and permeated with a light touch of humor. The comment made by the physicist—"We climb the highest mountain in science and we find the theologians have been sitting there for centuries"—was delicious to those of us who feel that both physicists and theologians are necessary. Here's to the day when paleobiologists also approach the summit!

DALE A. RUSSELL CHIEF
PALEOBIOLOGY DIVISION
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL SCIENCES
OTTAWA

The joy of Joy

I read with interest your article on Greg Joy, *Getting High* (February 20). I believe you have presented a sensitive and accurate portrayal of Joy and his commitment to his track and field endeavours.

SHELDON S. WISEMAN OTTAWA

Come see what you've been missing

In his column *Only In Canada You Say?* (February 20), Allan Fotheringham trots out the well-worn line that it's "cheaper to fly from Toronto to London than to visit Aunt Ermitrude in Vancouver." What do we have to do to put that one to rest once and for all? It simply is not true. Furthermore, the Canadian airline industry has spent thousands of dollars on advertising campaigns emphatically proving that it is not true. To begin with the current economy fare from Toronto to London (round trip) is $746, while the current economy fare from Toronto to Vancouver (round trip) is a little more than half of that at $382. It is quite true that one

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can travel to London for considerably less than $746. But it is also true that one can travel to Vancouver for considerably less than $382. Air Canada has also announced its Nighthawk service across Canada. If Fotheringham really wants to visit his aunt, he'll be able to do so for as little as $202 return, with no advance booking necessary.

D. E. MCLEOD, VICE-PRESIDENT
PUBLIC AFFAIRS
AIR CANADA, MONTREAL

Allan Fotheringham further reinforces the myth that domestic air fares are higher than those available across the Atlantic and to southern resorts. That is simply not true. Air fares depend on the distance flown together with the type of fare applicable. I suggest that Canadians choose foreign destinations for purely selfish reasons. I prefer the beach at Waikiki in January over Shediac, New Brunswick, regardless of cost and distance. (Both, incidentally, are about the same.) Similarly, other Canadians fly south because of better climates and shorter distances.

P.A. STRICKER, VANCOUVER

Still blowin' in the wind

After reading the interview with Bob Dylan (March 20), I was struck by what seemed to be an apparent lack of understanding between him and Philip Fleishman. Fleishman's attempt to understand Dylan in terms of his own value system appears to be futile, as well as frustrating. The ability to sing a verse with the songwriter does not indicate an understanding of who he is or what he represents.



Dylan: a plea for a little understanding

RICHARD WILLSON, WATERLOO, ONT.

Being part of the generation that saw fit to elevate Bob Dylan to a mythological stature, I concluded in the early Seventies that Dylan had nothing to say. *Maclean's* interview with him in the late Seventies confirmed this.

FRAN SNYDER, WATERLOO, ONT.



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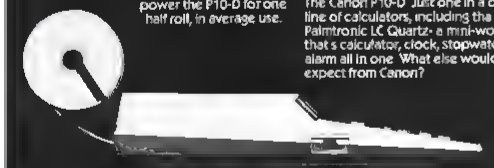
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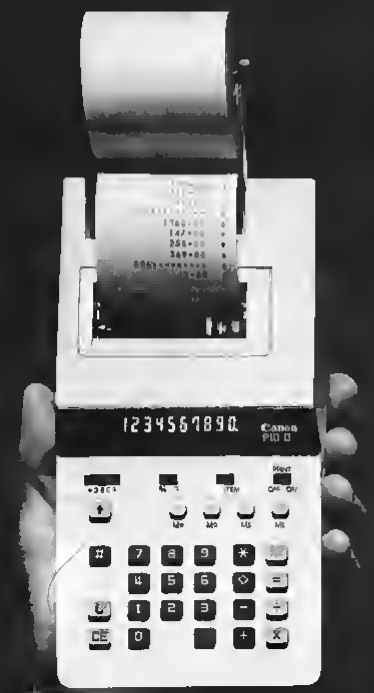
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You can't tell a survey by its cover

I feel Mordecai Richler missed the point of the Calgary conference on the Canadian novel in his persnickety column, *It's A Great Honor But You Shouldn't Have Done It* (March 20). The novel was the centre of attention, not the writer. Contemporary standards and modes of criticism were discussed as well as regionalism and cultural significance. The results of an opinion poll were distributed, which indicated nothing about the literature itself but a great deal about the teaching of it. Malcolm Ross and others did point out the limitations of the list. It is essentially a provocative survey and a source of information, nothing more.

JOHN MOSS, DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
VANCOUVER

No riffraff need apply

As a relatively recent participant in curling I find Allan Fotheringham's column, *If These People Must Get Their Rocks Off, Can't They Do It Somewhere Else?* (April 3) insulting and offensive. I will not quarrel with Fotheringham's definition of sport or game—it is subjective. But let him try sweeping as lead on a rink for eight ends when the ice is a little tricky and then decide whether more physical effort is involved than that of pressing his channel selector. Curling requires skill, practice, concentration and judgment to be successful, and the aim of the sport is to win. It also holds the prime position as a gentlemanly game: a position once accorded to golf, which has sadly deteriorated in courtesy and good sportsmanship.

D.R. LONEY, TORONTO

Or a bull moose chomping fleurs-de-lis?

As an English Canadian living in Paris I feel that instead of always insisting on promoting our own linguistic chauvinism, we should consider the richness that is ours in Canada. Perhaps we could see the vast potential of a truly multicultural society, a Confederation of equal regions that support each other in their differences. It is not just the job of our political leaders, but of every responsible Canadian to stand up and speak out. If we keep our silence now we may only come to realize too late what we have allowed to die.

W. RYAN, PARIS, FRANCE

In your article, *Can't We Be Friends? A Special Report* (February 6) I notice that English Canada is represented by the beaver, a symbol of industry and durability to which I thought all Canadians could lay claim. French Canada is symbolized by a frog, an image which is derogatory. Frog Power buttons notwithstanding. A truly national magazine should insult everyone equally, so I would have suggested a caricature of an English Canadian as an overweight, pinstriped Britisher, the current favorite of Quebec cartoonists.

AIMEE LE GRIS, MANILA, PHILIPPINES



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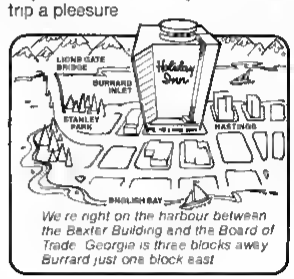
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Western non-alienation

Reading *Quebec: A Grand Design For A New Order* has helped me to have a clearer idea of my own feelings on the situation in Quebec. Canadians should realize that we are in danger of minimizing our potential as a country through sheer pessimism and self-interest. I, like many Westerners, grow weary of hearing about the separatism question and I am tempted to sit back and say, "What will be will be." But the more I think about it, the more I feel threatened by the loss of the French culture. It is part of our joint Canadian heritage, and it helps to set us apart in the world by giving us a separate identity. It says, "We are not a melting pot." I hope for Canada's sake that we can look beyond our own fence lines and find a way to protect the French-Canadian cultural goals and keep Canada as Canada. We are really protecting ourselves at the same time.

ERIC BEST LANIGAN, SASK.

In his description of the "New Order" in Quebec, David Thomas states that "the Church's weakening grip forced the state to take over the mission of ensuring the future of the language and traditions of the population." A few months ago he interviewed Joan Dougherty, chairman of the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal. He asked Dougherty why, if Bill 101 is so dangerous, it is being accepted by francophones in Quebec with hardly any protest. She replied that perhaps one reason is that French Quebeckers, with their long history of church domination, are more accustomed to accepting authority without question. Thomas commented that it is attitudes such as these that will keep Canada separated. Dougherty's comments seem to have been lightly dismissed.

ANNE COX, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.


TADEUSZ RUT

Maclean's seems to be alarmed over Quebec's white paper. I feel that unless the federal government enacts similar measures, we will be forever dominated by the American culture. The "New Order" is not only the answer for the preservation of Quebec as a unique entity, but for the development of a Canadian identity, as well.

R. F. M. MCINNIS, CALGARY

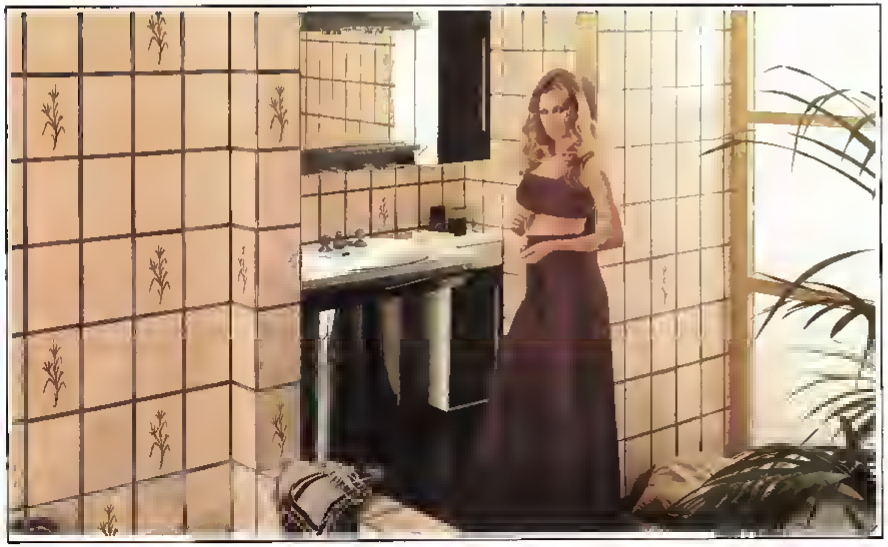
St. John was a lousy speller

As a student at Victoria College, I was most interested to read your article on Professor Northrop Frye, *Choice And Master Spirit* (March 6). During Frye's long tenure at the university he has become a most august institution, as well as one of North America's most respected scholars. However, I cannot allow such solemnity to pass untouched. Surely anyone who has attended Victoria College remembers that the inscription carved over the main door is really meant to read "The Truth Shall Make You Frye."

MICHAEL A. FOULKES, TORONTO

Why don't they go home? They are home

The Sun Sets Slowly On Margaret Thatcher (February 20) accurately portrays the confusion surrounding the British immigration issue. Colored immigration may be declining—from 55,000 in 1976 to 44,000 in 1977—but the fear of the Yorkshireman that all "his pie-and-peas shops have become hot curry takeout stands" is real. The overwhelming white majority in the chronically deprived inner city areas use the colored immigrants as scapegoats for larger problems of British society. The people who have been accepted into Great Britain during the past twenty years, and



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"One Monday morning I went to see the 11 new squash courts. Tuesday morning, I rented an apartment at 555 Sherbourne." Sam C.

As Sam tells it, he's a confirmed squash nut. So it was inevitable that he fell in love with the 11 brand new squash courts. Then when he found out by living at 555 Sherbourne he could become a member of the Sherbourne Club, he just naturally moved right in.

Sam is also in love with the Club's sauna, whirlpool bath, gym, outdoor running track and his own personal fitness program. After play, he often relaxes over dinner in the Club's restaurant overlooking the heated indoor swimming pool.



"This year I promised myself I'd join a fitness club. So I rented an apartment at 555 Sherbourne and joined the club." Dianne W.

Dianne was out of shape when she came to us. She'd read our brochure and the one for the new Sherbourne Club. In a few months she'd not only moved in, she was doing fine with her own personal fitness program designed just for her by the Club's professional. Today, Dianne runs on the outdoor track, works out in the gym and almost lives in our sauna and whirlpool both. Mind you, she hasn't given up all her old ways. We often see her enjoying dinner in the restaurant overlooking the pool.



"I made John promise to take me to a good restaurant once a week. So, he rented us an apartment at 555 Sherbourne and joined the club." Stephanie and John L.

Stephanie's husband John just hated going out. One day he saw our brochure and the one for the new Sherbourne Club. So he and Stephanie moved in. Now instead of going out, they go into the Sherbourne Club restaurant for a good dinner. Afterwards they relax, have a drink and meet people. Stephanie says John is actually showing interest in other Club activities like mini-concerts, gourmet parties, movies in the lounge and more. Stephanie says she has trouble keeping John in these days.



"After a rough day at the office, I needed a whirlpool bath and a good long swim. So, I rented an apartment at 555 Sherbourne and joined the club." Doris M.

A friend mentioned 555 Sherbourne to Doris, so she came around for a look. A month later she moved in. Now she's a mere 10 minutes from work, so it takes her just 15 minutes from work to the Club's whirlpool. Afterwards she has a good long swim in the indoor heated pool, which she claims is the only way she can relax. But that's not entirely true, because we've seen Doris relaxing in the Club's restaurant and lounge too.



"As a single, I'm forever getting caught with an empty fridge when friends drop in at dinner-time. That's one reason I live at 555 Sherbourne and belong to the club." Michael B.

"The Sherbourne Club at 555 Sherbourne has been a life saver more times than I can remember. As a resident and Club member, now all I do is phone for a reservation and entertain my friends with a magnificent meal in the Club's excellent dining room. I often dine at the club by myself, but I'm never really alone because I'm on a first name basis with club members. It's like one big happy family.



"I spent a month of noon hours looking for a gym near work. Finally I rented an apartment at 555 Sherbourne and joined the club. It was close to both." Lorne H.

Lorne wanted a good professional gym near work for noon workouts. He spent a long time looking until he heard of 555 Sherbourne and the Sherbourne Club. As a member, Lorne now exercises and jogs on our outdoor track after work. Not only has he found a gym near work, he's found a great place to live near work too. He's got the best of both worlds.

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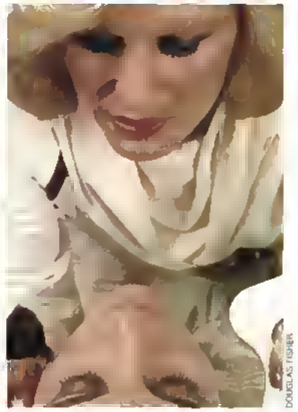
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who have made their homes here, have a right to be in this country. Enoch Powell's statement that a million colored immigrants should be "persuaded" to go back to their former homes implies that these people do not belong in Great Britain. I believe that this attitude merely antagonizes an already tense situation

PATRICIA NICOLL, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Beautiful losers

I agree entirely with Arn Saba's comments on *For Appearance's Sake* (*Letters*, March 6). In the Sixties, men and women had the courage to talk to each other about social issues. But now we're back to the "good



DOUGLAS FISHER

Caryl Baker plying her makeup trade in Toronto. Are we all the better for it?

old requirements." If a man doesn't have a car, a degree or spend a fortune in fashion, but is very concerned about what is happening in the world, I am afraid that most women will turn their backs. We cannot permit ourselves the luxury of escaping the real priorities by living like peacocks 24 hours a day.

JEAN GAGNE, QUEBEC CITY

The less said, the better

I saw the event which you discuss in your article, *The Final Days Of Francis Fox* (February 20), on television. My sympathy for Fox at the moment of his resignation was total. His personal ordeal at that time must have been great, and should not, I feel, be a matter for discussion.

BARRY MACGREGOR, STRATFORD, ONT.

Don't you agree that it is an appalling state of affairs that a minister of the government of particular value to his party had to resign for being gallant? Furthermore, isn't it appalling that women in Canada cannot control their own bodies, but must prove themselves the possessions of their husbands since they must have their signatures to end an unwanted pregnancy?

LOUISE THOMPSON, NEW YORK



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Quebec's 'freedom' is a vital concern, but freedom itself is that and more

Column by Margaret Laurence

In the Canadian unity debate, what is beginning to concern me greatly is the question of civil liberties and civil rights. We now discover that the Security Service of the RCMP has been carrying out, for some years, a host of illegal activities. Our Prime Minister tells us that he doesn't want to know what the RCMP is up to, and he doesn't think we should want to know, either.

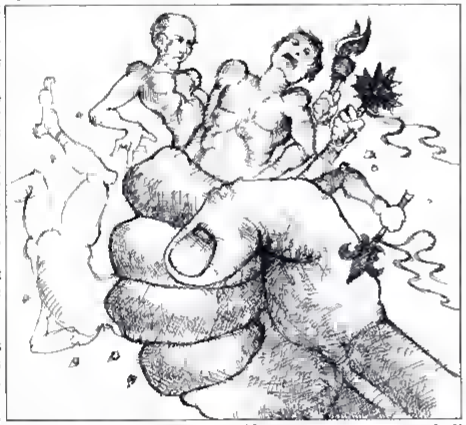
Is the RCMP then to be allowed to be a virtually autonomous force, responsible only to its own concepts of what may constitute a national threat, and using whatever methods its top security officers may deem justifiable? Even to contemplate such a setup frightens me a lot. Among our aspirations for our country, is the formation of a police state really one? The revelation that the RCMP acted in 1971 as *agents provocateurs*, with a false communiqué purporting to come from the FLQ, inciting violence, does nothing to reassure me. And what are they up to right this minute in Quebec? Pierre Trudeau may not be curious, but I certainly am.

The notorious War Measures Act, too, has again reared its unlovely head. The act can, by a cabinet decision, deprive all Canadians of their civil rights. Mr. Trudeau says he would not be "shy of using the sword if something illegal is attempted by the province of Quebec." He speaks proudly of his use of the War Measures Act in 1970. Surely most Canadians would now concede that in 1970 no national crisis happened; the FLQ was not a broadly based revolutionary organization. Yet hundreds of innocent citizens were imprisoned and held without either bail or trial. The history of the War Measures Act is not an honorable one.

Admittedly, Mr. Trudeau, in reference to the possibility of again invoking the act, was speaking of circumstances in which the Parti Québécois might attempt to seize federal property. But as far as I know, the PQ has never suggested even the remote possibility of such a thing. So why the talk of the War Measures Act? Why the metaphors of war?

With elegant timing, the now defunct *Le Jour* then published a report by a former army officer, now a separatist, on the need for Quebec to have its own army. As it turned out, the report had been done two years earlier and on the ex-officer's own initiative, but no doubt it added more fuel to the fire. So does the process of escalation take place.

I worry about the rights of anglophones in Quebec, about the rights of minority groups, whether they have lived there a long time or not, not only those of English descent, of course, but the Jews, the Italians, and all the others. I also worry greatly about a denial of their right to have their children educated in the English language if they should want to do so.



ANGELO SGAMBELLONE

But can anyone deny that the Québécois have been short-changed in their own area for generations? Or that the language rights of francophone Canadians in other provinces have been virtually ignored? Only one province in anglophone Canada, namely New Brunswick, is officially bilingual. Premier William Davis has made it clear that he isn't going to be in a hurry to make French an official language in Ontario. In my native province of Manitoba, the large French-speaking community lost its language rights—education, in the provincial legislature, in the courts—after a prolonged and bitter struggle in the late 1800s. The record, in English-speaking Canada, of guaranteeing language rights to the other founding nation in the country has been consistently abysmal.

René Lévesque says that if the Quebec referendum goes against separation, he will not feel bound by it. Trudeau says that if the Quebec referendum goes in favor of separation, he will not feel bound by it. What have we here? Who are these men who would so blithely go against the expressed will of the total population of Quebec if such expression went against their own hopes? What is the point in asking the people of Quebec their view if whichever way this goes, it will be ignored either by the federal or by the provincial government? Both these leaders are declaring a basic disregard for the will of the people.

I do not think it is too late to remedy old wrongs. But if this land is to remain one, it certainly cannot do so under the present form of federalism. Any new constitution will have to recognize the fact that the Québécois *are* a nation, bound together by ancestral roots, culture, language, religion. It will also have to recognize the legitimate and long-time grievances and needs of other regions—the West Coast, the Prairies, the Atlantic Provinces, and above all, the grievances, needs and rights of the native peoples who have suffered more injustice than any other people in this land. But such discussions, if they are to have any chance of success, must be done with as much calm and mutual respect as can possibly be brought to bear.

I believe that without Quebec this country would be poorer in spirit and in culture than it is or than it has the potential of becoming. I do not, however, believe that without Quebec this country would disintegrate and fall prey to the United States. The one unthinkable thought to me would be the use of violence to keep Quebec within Confederation. If an external invader attacked my country, I would be prepared to defend it to the last breath, but as a citizen I would never willingly see violence used to keep in Confederation any part of this country that did not want to remain. I would grieve if Quebec were to part from the rest of Canada, but I have to state unequivocally that the entire cause of Canadian Confederation would never be worth the life of my son or of any of our sons on either side.

Whatever the future holds for us, both Canadians and Québécois, we must surely try to understand the reality of one another and to honor one another's differences. We must be aware of our civil liberties. If we are not willing to speak up and defend them, one day they may not be there.

Author Margaret Laurence lives in Lakefield, Ontario.



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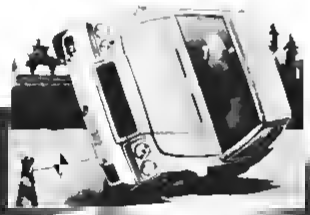
Toyota versus the accident dilemma.

As long as there are cars on the road there will be accidents. It's unfortunate, but true. And while we cannot prevent accidents entirely, there is much that we can do. Building cars which maximize passenger safety and minimize potential vehicle damage are the on-going objectives at Toyota for all Toyota automobiles.

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Toyota ESV rollover test.



Road tests continued and the ESV's have proved their life-saving value in head-on and rear-end collisions, side-swipes and roll overs. This research has contributed immeasurably to the overall safety of all Toyotas now on the road. Nevertheless, accident prevention is still far preferable to collision resilience. A prime example of this kind of thinking is Toyota's Electro Sensor Panel, an information system which monitors, detects and warns of any malfunction in the lighting, braking and fuel systems.

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Character, quality, Royal Reserve.

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Royal Reserve is proof that a great rye need not be expensive. Light, mixable character and fine quality at a truly modest price.



Corby. Good taste in Canada since 1859.

Preview

How do you keep the blind from being robbed blind?

As difficult as it is to believe, there are Canadians out there who would rob a blind man. Not only would rob but do rob. Last year in Alberta alone 14 blind-operated tuck shops were closed because of financial losses due at least in part to thieves ripping off the proprietors. "We can't blame the losses entirely on shoplifting," says Ken Middlebrough, divisional manager of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind's Caterplan in that province, "but shoplifters took $200 in one week from one shop we were keeping under surveillance." One response is to install television cameras in the remaining 31 stores, with hookups to a central monitor operated by a sighted person. There are a dozen in operation in Calgary and Edmonton now. For some inexplicable reason, according to Len Smith, the CNIB's national director of catering, while the CNIB operates 167 smoke or tuck shops across the country, and all (or mostly all) are victimized, the problems in Alberta are by far the worst.



Calgary CNIB shop manager Don Fogg—with camera helping out

A new burst of energy

Arthur Hailey, one of the most successful pop novelists in the world, and Richard Rohmer, a consistent best seller in Canada, will both be hitting the bookstores within a year with novels on the energy crisis. The similarity ends there, however. Hailey's *Overload* involves the sabotage of California's electrical power system. Rohmer's new one, tentatively titled *Great Balls Of Gas*, involves Americans running out of natural gas and making a move on Canada's. (Rohmer is toying with the idea of shortening the title to *Balls*, having been successful—as has Hailey—with one-word titles such as *Separation* and *Exxoneration*.) Rohmer's book features an interesting character, a six-foot, seven-inch President of the United States named Mountain, but Hailey tops that with a love affair between his Jewish hero and a quadriplegic woman.

Rohmer (left) and Hailey: brevity is the soul of titles



J.U.L. KREMENTZ

Spirits of the deep

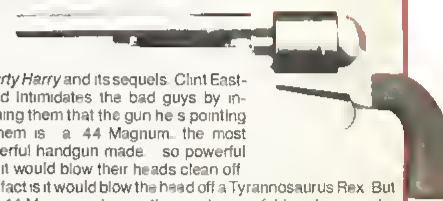
Despite the fact that it's being advertised in such psychobabble terms (see page 74) as "teaches you easily how to 'centre' yourself" and "gets you in touch with your 'true' feelings," the Caribbean cruise that departs New York on May 27 does hold a certain fascination. It isn't often that people get to travel through the Bermuda Triangle for a week with an internationally known psychic such as Geraldine Smith. Smith, who lives in a Toronto exurb, is probably best known to laymen as the medium who allegedly contacted Mackenzie King's ghost on CBC radio last year. The "Psychic Cruise," as it's called, will include a masquerade ball with participants costumed as their own personal former incarnations and a meditation session in the Triangle which should be safe for the occasion. "I wouldn't be going on this cruise if I thought anything disastrous was going to happen in any way, shape or form," Smith says, "and I'm psychic enough to know."



CP

Smith: a short stop at Atlantis?

Msgnums are for sissies



In *Dirty Harry* and its sequels, Clint Eastwood intimidates the bad guys by informing them that the gun he's pointing at them is a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun made, so powerful that it would blow their heads clean off. The fact is it would blow the head off a Tyrannosaurus Rex. But the .44 Mag is no longer the most powerful handgun made; that honor belongs to the new .454 Casull, which is some 70% more potent than the former champion. A few have been made and tested but general production of this cannon doesn't begin until fall, when the folks who like this sort of thing will be able to get one for $450 or thereabouts. For those who prefer to get their shooting in vicariously, there's that inevitable future movie in which Clint will say, "This is a .454 Casull. It'll blow your torso clean off."

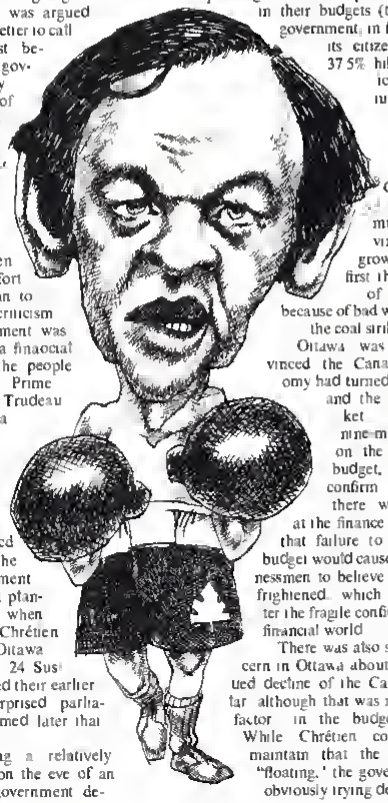
POPULAR GUNS

Canada

The storm before the storm

Signs of an imminent election were unmistakable when parliament returned this month from the Easter recess The government was clearing the decks of overdue legislation urgent appointments and election goodies at a frantic pace opposition parties responded with louder-than-usual jeers and the government in turn taunted them with the latest polls The atmosphere was grade school with summer holidays just around the corner

But before all this energy could be unleashed on the public in the form of an election campaign there was the business of the budget brought down April 10 in a surprise move Inside the government a debate on whether to have a budget before an election had been going on for weeks On one side, it was argued that it would be better to call an election first because, with the government already facing a deficit of $11 billion this year there was no good news to put into a budget On the other side it was seen as preferable to bring one in even with little comfort in it, rather than to risk opposition criticism that the government was afraid to make a financial accounting to the people



Just before Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau left for Jamaica and Finance Minister Jean Chrétien for Banff for their Easter breaks the two men tentatively decided to go ahead The finance department was told to start planning and when Trudeau and Chrétien returned to Ottawa they lunched at 24 Sussex and confirmed their earlier decision A surprised parliament was informed later that afternoon

In introducing a relatively modest budget on the eve of an election, the government defied history In 1957 the Liberal government felt it could afford no more than a six-dollar increase in old-age pensions in a preelection budget Opposition leader John Diefenbaker dubbed them "the six-buck boys"—and won the election Trudeau and Chrétien have evidently decided the public today is in a different mood and will not buy the opposition's call for sweeping tax cuts

There were more than political considerations involved in the decision to bring down the budget of course Private economic forecasters were revising downward their estimates of real growth in the Canadian economy this year provincial governments particularly Ontario's, were not responding to the federal plea for stimulus in their budgets (the Ontario government, in fact socked its citizens with a 37.5% hike in medicare premiums) Internationally the U.S. economy upon which Canada depends so much showed virtually no growth in the first three months of this year because of bad weather and the coal strike

Ottawa was still convinced the Canadian economy had turned the corner and the stock market which hit nine-month highs on the eve of the budget, seemed to confirm that But there was concern at the finance department that failure to bring in a budget would cause some businessmen to believe Ottawa was frightened which would shatter the fragile confidence of the financial world

There was also surging concern in Ottawa about the continued decline of the Canadian dollar although that was not a pivotal factor in the budget decision While Chrétien continued to maintain that the dollar was "floating," the government was obviously trying desperately to

Either Canada has a future or this is another Kahn-job

One product of the postwar era is the "think tank"—an assembly of high-io experts who brainstorm problems for government and industry Perhaps the most famous is the Hudson Institute, established in 1961 by physicist Herman Kahn on the Hudson River in upstate New York Kahn's self-assigned role is to "think about the unthinkable " His first book *On Thermonuclear War* (1960), shocked the world with its doomsday scenarios but endeared him to that new breed of anticipative intellectuals known as "futurists" Kahn's image has been somewhat tarnished since first by his supportive analysis of the Vietnam War more recently by his attacks on the "limits-to-growth" conservationist stance of many of his contemporaries But the Hudson Institute still turns heads, and its new study on the future of Canada will prove controversial when it is released later this month

Has Canada A Future? follows Hudson studies on France Britain and Japan Hudson was bullish on the prospects of France and Japan, but distinctly bearish on Britain, which it saw sinking to the level of Portugal Its forecast for Canada falls somewhere between those extremes Concludes Hudson "There are certain to be problems and challenges yet we believe that yes Canada has a future and a potentially fine one at that—but it won't be easy

The study produced by Hudson's branch plant in Montreal with a $200,000 collective grant from seven corporations* previews the next 15 or 20 years in Canada in a variety of fields—economic social and cultural On the question of the moment—will Quebec separate?—Hudson concludes it probably will not "Our reasoning is very straightforward says the study "While we do not believe that the average francophone Quebecker has a strong sense of Canadian nationality we also doubt that he has a strong aversion to Canada Since most Quebeckers find the status quo acceptable and even desirable they are not willing to bestir themselves to change it—nor even passively willing to let others change the situation drastically and then force them to deal with unknown and threatening risks that might result from the change " But because the situation is so emotional the study envisages as possible "a situation where independence becomes hopeless but its supporters have become aroused and turn to violence in desperation as in Puerto Rico One can also imagine an

*Canadian National General Motors Industrielle Compagnie d'Assurance sur La Vie Noranda Mines Nordair Northern Telecom and Xerox





Kahn (above) and Drouin (left) rest easy Canada, you'll still be there tomorrow

FLQ-type terrorist organization which even if the PQ government were pushing quite hard for independence felt that it was just not hard and soon enough "

Other Hudson forecasts

- The economy will continue growing at a sluggish rate with real GNP growth averaging 2.3% a year in the next 15 years, down from about 5% in the previous decade and unemployment remaining above 7% unless deliberate measures are taken to speed development A recession is viewed as likely in 1979 or 1980 But Canada remains one of the richest countries in the world and continues to become richer
- Toronto and Ontario will continue to dominate Canada, both economically and culturally, despite the gradual shift of power to the West but Montreal's influence will decline because of uncertainty created by the separatist movement and labor unrest
- The upper middle class will continue to dominate Canadian society although a spin-off group made up of bureaucrats academics and journalists, which Hudson describes as the "new class " will challenge its preeminence
- The United States will continue to dominate Canadian culture and industry although to a slightly lesser degree Foreign ownership of the economy will re-emerge as a major Canadian issue
- The traditional nuclear family will remain the Canadian norm "The much publicized deviations from this ideal—increased divorce, separation, "arrangements " even homosexual marriage—are marginal phenomena "
- The trend toward right-wing politics which Hudson describes as "neo-conservatism," will persist, at least in the short term. Later there could be a return to the reformist politics of the 1960s "but perhaps more vigorous and violent "

The authority of Hudson's forecasts is often diminished by the rhetoric that envelopes them Rather than a dispassionate view of the future the Hudson study is largely a polemic following the now-familiar Kahn theme that the world is overflowing in resources that should be exploited and that conservationists are "neo-Malthusian" pessimists who should be ignored Though Kahn did not have a direct hand in the study one of the authors is Barry Bruce-Briggs, a right-wing American historian who is his protégé (The other principal author is Montreal economist Marie-Josée Drouin)

The Hudson study is also oddly askew in its understanding of some aspects of Canada Hudson concludes for example, that Canada has become the "hippest" country in the Western world an odd observation based on the grounds that Canadian MPs don't wear neckties in parliament (they do in fact) Elsewhere, Hudson declares that "WASPS" constitute more than half the population of Canada, although only 44.6% listed their ethnic origins as the British Isles in the last census and almost half of that number are not Anglo-Saxons, but Scotch, Irish or Welsh

Nonetheless, the study will have an attentive audience in Ottawa where Kahn still has a considerable reputation—and personal cachet as well He has lunched with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau at 24 Sussex and the study's coauthor Drouin is the common-law wife of Supply Minister Jean-Pierre Goyer who several years ago, tried to sell Canada on Kahn's eccentric proposal to import 30,000 Koreans to mine the Athabasca tar sands Even Trudeau was attracted by the idea—and only concerted pressure from other cabinet ministers persuaded him to pursue a more sober course IAN URQUHART

prop it up. Interest rates were raised again, more standby credit was arranged, and the Bank of Canada announced that the value of the dollar had become its top priority "for the time being." Despite all that, the dollar floundered in what seemed an irrational market. The value of the dollar edged upward, for example, in anticipation of a hike in interest rates, then dropped when the increase was announced.

Why all the concern for the dollar if, as Ottawa has said repeatedly, a lower dollar is beneficial to Canada because it makes exports cheaper and imports more expensive? The government is worried, on economic grounds, that a further decline in the value of the dollar will have inflationary side effects and will erode business confidence. On political grounds, the government fears a falling dollar during an election campaign will cost votes. If the decline is not arrested, the government may find its 11-point lead over the Conservatives in the polls evaporating, just as Diefenbaker did in the 1962 election that cost him his majority. Remember the Diefendollar? Already there is a "diddledollar" circulating in Vancouver with the notation "Genuine Trudeaudough . . . this note is worthless." **IAN URQUHART**

OTTAWA

Let there be pipe

Once the most divisive issue in the country, the northern natural gas pipeline quietly cleared parliament this month with near-unanimous support. Only the New Democrats opposed—and even they said they favored the project, but wanted more stringent guarantees of Canadian content. The Conservatives and Creditistes joined the government with Tory MP Erik Nielsen leading the way. Nielsen, usually an unremitting critic of the government, represents the Yukon, which the pipeline will cross. He practically piloted the pipeline bill through the Commons and attacked its NDP critics while the Liberals leaned back and smiled, which prompted NDP House Leader Stanley Knowles to remark, "With enemies like him, the government doesn't need friends."

The mood of consensus contrasted vividly with the noisy opposition mobilized in the past by Mr. Justice Thomas Berger. Now Berger, back on the bench in British Columbia, is a dim memory and pipeline opponents are out in the cold. But the pipeline, which will carry gas from the north coast of Alaska across Canada to the United States, still faces two major hurdles before it is built. First, there is the question of native land claims in the Yukon. The pipeline is not contingent on the land claims being settled—the government specifically rejected such an amendment to the bill—but the 6 000-odd Yukon Indians could raise roadblocks, legal or otherwise.

More worrisome for the pipeline backers is financing. The $10-billion price tag, which is sure to rise, makes it the most expensive project ever undertaken by private enterprise in North America. In the past, projects of such magnitude have usually been financed directly or indirectly by governments, but both the U.S. and Canadian governments have declared they will not become involved. And the two senior partners in the project—Foothills Pipe Lines of Calgary and Northwest Pipeline of Salt Lake City—have been unable to raise private money because the U.S. government has not yet set a price for Alaskan gas. That decision, in turn, awaits the passage of the U.S. administration's energy package, which is bogged down in Congress. If the pricing problem is not settled by summer, the construction start-up for the pipeline, originally scheduled for 1980, could be delayed another year. If the price is set too low, the pipeline might be delayed another decade. **IAN URQUHART**





Nielsen (above) helped get the pipeline through the Commons, but it still faces opposition from Native Peoples like Wilfred Jacobs and Pete McCoy (top), here arguing against it at the committee stage

MONTREAL

Notes on the secession

White smoke won't waft from a window of the grey stone building in Montreal's old financial quarter, but when *Le Devoir*'s custodians choose a director to succeed Claude Ryan it will be with all the gravity of the College of Cardinals electing a Pope. The newspaper's unique vocation as the conscience and political arbiter of French Quebec makes the job one of the most influential in the province. After 14 years as *Le Devoir* director, Ryan was imbued with such authority that his aura of moral infallibility survived three months of harsh political street fighting against Raymond Garneau, his rival for leadership of the Quebec Liberals.

Ryan's intellectual power and his often haughty pronunciamentos on issues of the day will be impossible to replace. *Le Devoir* is fated to change, and a fierce struggle is under way for control. Extreme nationalists, conservative federalists and simply partisans of responsible journalism are fighting to sway selection of a fifth permanent successor to founder Henri Bourassa. The fostering of a French Canadian elite dedicated to perpetuation of an autonomous and Roman Catholic Quebec within Canada was Bourassa's aim when *Le Devoir* began publishing 68 years ago and under Ryan, the tradition remained intact. Whether, and how much, the paper will deviate from that depends on the choice of his successor.

The most obvious candidate is Michel Roy. Ryan's 48-year-old editor-in-chief. A reflective but lively newspaper man, Roy has been acting director since January and his journalistic competence enjoys unchallenged esteem. For that reason, Roy has the backing of the paper's reporters who are ready to strike if a permanent director is imposed without their sanction. But other forces are bearing down upon the nine trustees and board members who have set a year's-end deadline on their decision. Beyond immediate political pressures, they are constrained by the paper's historical objectives. "The director must respect the political, national and religious vocation of *Le Devoir*," declares board chairman Denys Pelletier, an elegant notary public whose office is dominated by a massive desk passed down through three generations—a witness to his attachment to conservative values.

Roy, by contrast, reflects Quebec's present far more than its past. He is the first non-practising Roman Catholic to steer *Le Devoir* and that says Pelletier could impede his confirmation as permanent director. Roy's defense of minority rights and federalist politics are in line with Ryan's and he wants a new Canadian constitution that would consecrate equality of the French and English societies. But, for some, his pro-Canada sentiments may be too tempered by an overriding loyalty to Quebec. "I am a federalist by conviction, by instinct and by temperament," he says, "but if I see federalism becoming an obstruction to the development of a French society here, I shall cease to be one."

That's just too conditional for Trudeaunite federalists and manoeuvres are under way to promote the possible candidacies of men loyal to the federal Liberals. The party would dearly love the security of having a trusted director at *Le Devoir* after Ryan, whose attitude toward Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau could be bitterly critical. The most prominent of federal Liberal favorites is Canada's ambassador to France, Gérard Pelletier, a former cabinet minister who has let it be known he wants the job. His chances are slight. Key *Le Devoir* board members reject Pelletier as a Liberal partisan who would cost the newspaper its reputation for independence.

On the opposite front, the militant Saint-Jean Baptiste Society of Montreal and the pro-independence, anti-Semitic magazine *Ici Québec* are mounting a strident campaign for nomination of a committed nationalist to the post. Considered extremists even by most partisans of independence, they are not likely to gain much influence. Roy's serious rivals are Laval University political scientist Léon Dion, Yvon Dancau of the *Mouvement Desjardins* cooperative empire and Quebec Superior Court Chief Justice Jules Deschênes.

Meanwhile, Roy is confined by the close surveillance of both the board and the journalists' union. Until his mandate is confirmed, he is not free to make permanent adjustments he believes are needed to ensure *Le Devoir*'s long-term survival. Though it turns a profit and circulation now reaches 75 000, thanks to continuing strikes at three other newspapers, its pre-strike maximum of 50 000 is a precarious base. Roy wants to broaden the paper's appeal, while maintaining its intelligent tone. Whether he gets the permanent authority to do so depends on whether *Le Devoir*'s custodians value Quebec's need for independent journalism over considerations of traditional ideology. **DAVID THOMAS**


LE DEVOIR

Goyer abandonne la vie politique

Pour ou contre l'argent d'Ottawa

• Une controverse déchire le comité pré-référendaire

au sommaire



Roy, the heir-probable, and a front page of 'Le Devoir': less a job than a vocation

OUEBEC CITY

The herd part begine

When all was said and done—much said, little done—the most important happening at this month's convention of the Canadian Labor Congress in Quebec City was the election of Dennis McDermott. It was a coronation as the flashy, tough-lipped trade-union intellectual was acclaimed by 2 400 delegates representing 2.3 million congress members. McDermott, 55, the Canadian director and international vice-president of the powerful United Auto Workers for the past 10 years, will lead the country's bickering trade union tribe into the post-controls hunting season, although it's not yet clear who the hunters and the hunted will be.

His election was no surprise—no one else was nominated for the job, which will pay $40 000 this year, $50 000 next. He has been the power behind labor's throne for several years, but now he has come out of the closet to be the power and the throne, a fact recognized by one delegate who shouted from the crowded convention floor, "McDermott don't get the idea that you can walk on water."

He will have to perform something of a miracle, however, to pull the country's trade union movement together and teach



McDermott (left) and Morris: they may call him 'Uncle Dennis,' but not likely

it to speak with one voice. He hopes to do this by focusing labor's frustrations and his refreshing rhetoric on the government of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. He describes it as the Liberal Party, not a government. Yet, at a press conference in the convention centre at the Quebec Hilton Hotel (singles $55, doubles $65, each room equipped with a dial-a-daiquiri machine) McDermott said: "I will leave a crack open in the door. Just because one breaks bread with people in high office or drinks a little wine with them does not mean either side is being seduced. I will talk to whoever is in power at every opportunity in hope that we can get some input in whatever is concerning us at the moment."

It's no secret that McDermott and Trudeau have often broken bread and sipped wine in what must be one of the more curious relationships in the country. McDermott has been Trudeau's dinner guest at 24 Sussex and has gone to Washington as part of a Canadian delegation with the PM. In return Trudeau is treated to McDermott's relentless criticisms and insults—the latest: "He's from the upper crust of Uncle Toms in Quebec."

In the next few months, especially through the federal election campaign, McDermott's style will be confrontation, and the criticisms and insults will be more severe. At the convention, the CLC made its ritualistic and obligatory promise of support for the New Democratic Party, but this time McDermott said, "We mean it." An hour earlier, the delegates, hoping for an election pace-setting address from NDP leader Ed Broadbent, were disappointed by his poor speech, his lacklustre delivery and his apparent inability to recognize that he was talking to the troops, not the chamber of commerce.

The convention committed French- and English-speaking workers to "maintain powerful bonds of solidarity in our unions," whatever happens to Canada, and strong support was voiced for public sector employees, who have been identified by the CLC as the next victims of wage controls. But the story of the convention was Dennis McDermott. He comes to the job with a big reputation and his style will be distinctly different from the man he replaces, plodding Joe Morris. He was surprised when asked if he would find it strange in union conferences without Morris. "I hadn't thought about that," he said, gracefully adding, "but we're sure going to miss Uncle Joe." WARREN GERARD

OTTAWA

Written on the wind

Canada is the largest single market for Hollywood movies outside the United States, and the Canadian film industry—still a fledgling some dozen years after the government decided to support it—is just about the only one in the world that remains unprotected by quotas or box-office taxes in its home market. So when Secretary of State John Roberts tabled his film policy in Ottawa earlier this month, he was expected to include substantial provisions to help finance, produce and exhibit Canadian films. Roberts generated the expectations himself when 18 months ago he replaced Hugh Faulkner and tossed aside the latter's evidently limited commitment. But Roberts delivered a policy that in many ways is a shadow of Faulkner's—and a bitter disappointment to the feature film industry.

Roberts even avoided calling it a 'policy" and referred instead to "an adjustment to an ongoing film policy." Statistics Canada reports 96% of all screen time goes to foreign films. Roberts' "adjustment" may reduce that to, say, 94%, but it will do little else. What has upset the industry even more is a leaked government document revealing that Roberts had in fact written the strongest policy ever, but when his proposals were submitted to the cabinet last November they were emasculated. "The policy went into cabinet a lion and came out Kitty Litter," says Peter Pearson, a film maker and former president of the Directors' Guild of Canada.

Roberts' ambitious scheme had called for a 10% tax on the income of foreign film distributors, a measure that would have doubled the three million dollars invested annually by the Canadian Film Development Corporation. Roberts had also proposed to make as much as five million dollars available to Canadian investors who intended to buy the Odeon Theatres chain, the country's second largest, provided they agreed to show a substantial number of Canadian movies (the chain was recently acquired by Canadians, but without help from the Secretary of State). Both measures were rejected outright by an opposition apparently led by Finance Minister Jean Chrétien, who has declined comment. Roberts now feels it prudent to deny they were ever considered—even though the document acquired by *Maclean's* has been verified by several other sources.

Faulkner never made any secret of his philosophy: to support Canadian without interfering with American interests." Roberts' policy apparently foundered on the contradictions inherent in that philosophy. Certainly little pressure appears to have been brought by the Americans themselves. A U.S. state department source told *Maclean's* that they'd known about the 10% tax but had also known it would never pass—"so we only had a junior officer call the [Canadian] Embassy to tell them we wouldn't much like it."

Roberts' most significant change permits the CFDC to participate in financing made for TV movies and even provides one million dollars to do so. But Roberts has not extended that to participation in TV series which are generally shorter than the features the CFDC is obliged to make. Another million was given for the CFDC to undertake to show and distribute Canadian films more widely at home and internationally, and called for the voluntary quota on Canadian films—four weeks per theatre—to be extended on a per-screen basis in theatres with more than one. He also asked the major American producers to invest—again voluntarily—in Canadian features. The results of his attempt at voluntary controls will be weighed after 12 months. Roberts says, with the possibility that a tax may be imposed if the results aren't satisfactory. Not surprisingly, industry reaction was, "This is where we came in." KASPARS DZEGUZE



Roberts: well, it seemed like a good idea

Nobody listens any more

Last fall no self-respecting Conservative Party insider would have been caught without the limited-edition lapel button bearing the catchy slogan "We're being bugged by a Liberal government." It was a time when cries of "cover-up" and "stonewall" reverberated along the Tory benches in the Commons, and the government squirmed under almost daily revelations of shenanigans by the RCMP Security Service. When parliament resumed this month after an Easter recess, however, it was Pierre Trudeau who was doing the gloating. The reasons: two Toronto private investigators retained by the Tories had just been charged in connection with the discovery last fall of so-called bugging devices in the offices of Conservative leader Joe Clark and his Nova Scotia MP Elmer MacKay. William Sandiford and Daniel McGarry stand accused of possessing an illegal transmitting device, public mischief and attempting to defraud the Conservative Party.

Whatever the outcome in the courts, it is already clear that the political fallout has hurt the Conservatives. During the crisis last fall over the RCMP, the burden of the Tory case was that the government had been hoodwinked by the Mountie Security Service. At a speech on the eve of the party's annual meeting in Quebec City last November, Clark tut-tutted: "Keeping control of our security forces is exactly the role that we expect of politicians." Now that it appears he may have been taken in himself, Clark is hardly in a position to chortle about government failure to police the sleuths.

MacKay's much publicized image as a parliamentary muckraker also has been seriously called into question. It was MacKay who called outside investigators to his offices to sweep the premises and it was MacKay who gleefully showed off an alleged bug to a pack of reporters who arrived at his door after the device had been removed from his sofa. "Hello, hello," MacKay said playfully as he held the transmitter to his lips.

The charges could not have come at a better time for the Liberals since they will all but neutralize the Tories during the election campaign on the issue of the government's failure to control the RCMP Security Service. Any new allegations about government scandals will also be attacked by the Liberals in the context of the alleged bugging incidents. A perfect illustration came two days after Sandiford and McGarry were charged, when another Tory MP, Paul Dick, called a news conference to announce that his home telephone had been bugged and his home broken into last February. While Dick said that Ontario authorities were investigating the charges, political observers weren't exactly treating the story as Topic A.

These are not the first charges by MPs that they are being bugged and they probably won't be the last. When such allegations fly in a highly charged political environment, it is not always possible to sort out fact from fiction. A plaque which sits on MacKay's office desk captures the Keystone Kops atmosphere. The inscription reads: "My work is so secret, even I don't know what I'm doing." ROBERT LEWIS



MacKay: it's not just Raid that kills bugs

VANCOUVER

A death not all in vain

When Guy Barnier was fired from his job as technician with a Vancouver business equipment company, he wouldn't take go for an answer. He dressed up as a motorcycle patrolman, armed himself with a 30-

Come miss what you've been seeing

Air Canada Commander Stephen Davis, who was caught up in the fight two years ago against the use of French in Quebec air space, was not overjoyed when a copy of the French-language magazine *Aviation-Québec* fell out of his mail. He returned the offending publication to its editor with a chilly rejection slip. Trouble was, as the Montreal newspaper *La Devoir* gleefully pointed out this month, Davis had some trouble expressing himself in his own native tongue. "You may have quite a good publishing," Davis wrote to *Aviation Québec*, "but as you can see I am a Canadian and for me to appreciate the content it would have to be translated to Canadian."

Good morning! This speak your captain is



RICHARD WHYTE



DON STARK



PENNY GREEN

Doreen Garbutt (left) and Betty: getting the right thing done is no easy matter

06 rifle and 300 rounds of ammunition, and returned to the Facit-Addo offices By the time police had flushed him out of a barricaded storeroom, Barnier had wounded branch manager Dennis Fea and killed the office manager 35-year-old Doreen Garbutt Now, two years later, parliament has just passed an amendment to the Canada Labor Code that could help prevent such incidents And the amendment is the direct result of a remarkable one-woman campaign by the victim's younger sister Betty Garbutt, now 28

Doreen Garbutt laughed the first time she told Betty about the man who had followed her home from work Not to worry, she said Her bosses assured her they had reported Barnier's threatening letters and phone calls to police But after the murder police insisted they'd never received a single complaint about the disgruntled ex-employee (who is now in a mental institution) Betty Garbutt's next surprise was to learn that nowhere in Canadian law were employers compelled to inform their employees of such threats—or to report them to police

Betty Garbutt was a seasoned criminal-law secretary but after her sister's death she decided to join a Vancouver firm specializing in labor law During a year's research, she discovered that about 5% of Canada's convicted murderers know their victims through business, and few of the 50 employers she interviewed had any definite plan to deal with threats Rather than sue Facit-Addo to establish her point in law, Garbutt chose the political route Last September, learning that the Labor Code was being revised, she wrote Labor Minister John Munro and 19 of British Columbia's MPs and MLAs, coolly detailing her cause "I was very naive," she says now "I thought I'd just write them a letter and say 'Hey, this isn't on your books,' and they'd say, 'Gee, we'd better look at that'" However, the few politicians who replied sent merely token letters of encouragement

When the House of Commons standing committee on labor refused to consider her 12-page brief last month (because she was just "an individual citizen"), she manoeuvred a personal meeting with Munro in Ottawa At first he confessed he hadn't even looked at her brief—and she was all set to walk out—but then he read it on the spot and was so impressed that he arranged to have her appear before the labor committee after all

The Labor Code amendment that requires employers or employees to report outside threats to police excludes companies such as Facit-Addo that aren't engaged in federal business Still, Betty Garbutt considers the precedent a significant step—even though it wouldn't have saved her sister's life

PAUL GUESCOE

Please fasten your seat belts and try not to breathe

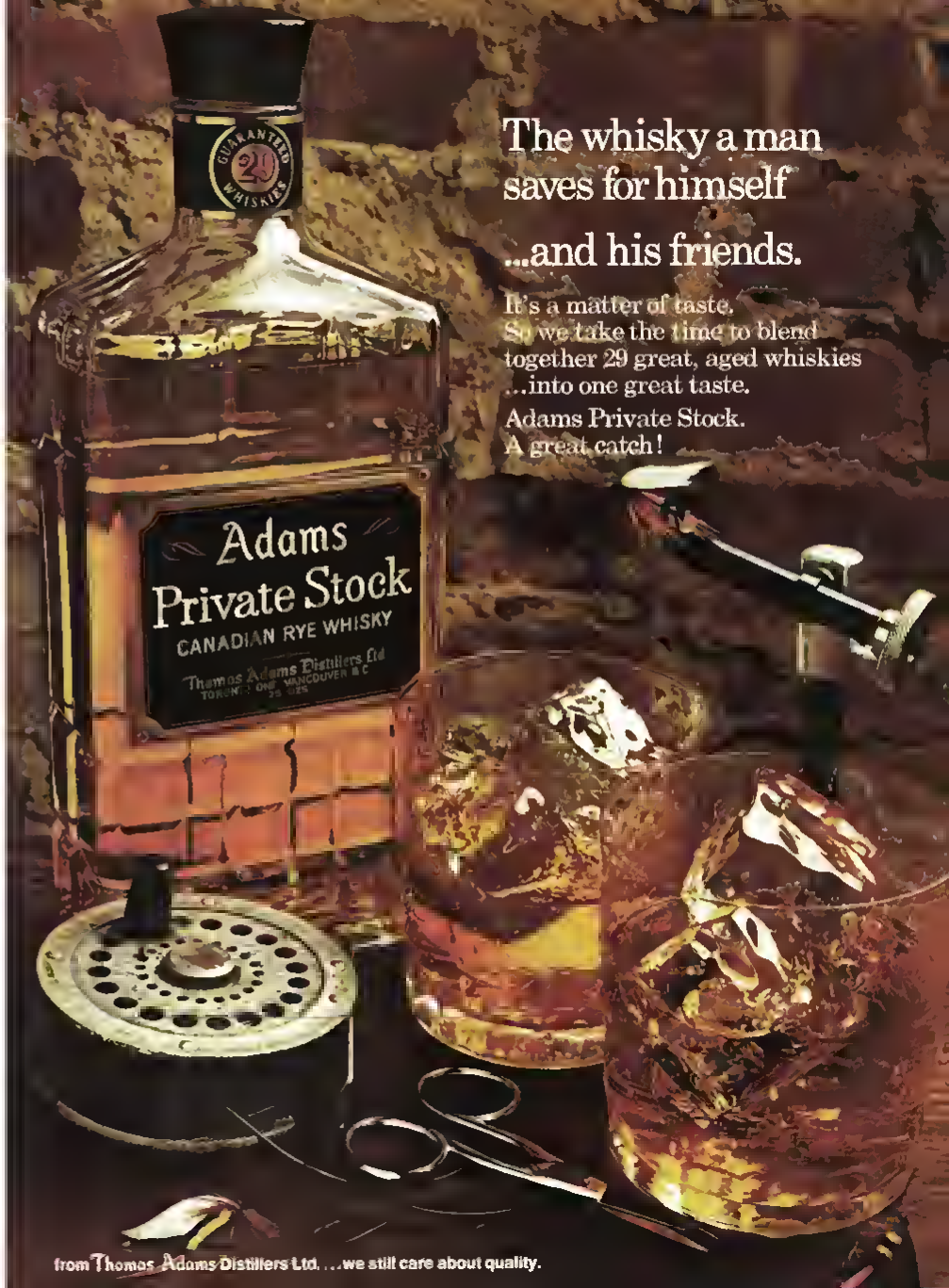
Aside from crashing, there's nothing the average air traveler fears more than having to reach for the little white bag FOR AIR SICKNESS/POUR MAL DE L'AIR Under such circumstances, getting there is none of the fun Now aviation officials have detected a new and rather eerie kind of airsickness that, while it doesn't involve nausea, causes itchy eyes, headaches, chest pains and drowsiness If first showed up aboard Pan American 747SP jets, and although the symptoms last only a few minutes the worry is that they could affect flight crews' performance At worst a pilot and copilot might fall asleep at the controls If all that seems like a sequel to *Airport*, the cause of the ailment is more akin to *Close Encounters*

Doctors call it "ozone sickness" because it occurs when jets cruising at altitudes over 40,000 feet, fly into poisonous pockets of ozone gas that float in the earth's upper stratosphere The ozone seeps into the air system of the aircraft's cabins and cockpit The U S Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) warns that ozone sickness is likely to become much more common as jumbo jets ascend to ever higher altitudes

Though experts agree pilots should not be exposed to ozone concentrations averaging higher than 0 1 parts per million on recent flights from the United States to Tokyo ozone inside planes has been measured at 10 times that amount Pan Am has diagnosed some 50 cases of ozone sickness among passengers and crews Air Canada, whose planes fly at lower altitudes, reports only three or four cases, but the Canadian Airline Pilots Association is keeping close watch on research being carried out in the United States, where the FAA is preparing to institute maximum levels for ozone tolerability

Because ozone sickness is such a recent peril to air safety, many vexing questions remain unanswered Why does the sickness hit frequently during the early months of the year? Why does it occur more often over the Pacific Ocean? What's the best remedy? Pan Am has already installed charcoal filters in its six 747SP jets, and the company reports the problem solved Until the air is wholly cleared of confusion however, many passengers will continue to manifest yet another reason for *Fear Of Flying*

JULIANNE LAROCHE/WILLIAM LOWTHER



The Second Great Leap

Notes on a China that was never there before

By Michael Enright

Canton, the first night of the Chinese new year the Spring Festival In the humid, darkening evening, seven Canadians move through the choked streets staring at the crowds staring back at them It seems as if half the known world is moving in the street but there is no pushing, no feeling of enclosure It is a night of sounds with bicycle bells and car horns blending with the burst of firecrackers thrown into the streets by kids on rooftops The poster shops are open and jammed The big sellers are typically gentle renderings of the pudgy chairmen Mao and Hua Everyone is carrying flowers and the children are up late More than 250 000 "overseas Chinese" have crossed from Hong Kong to spend the festival with relatives They stand out from the resident Cantonese by their dress, bright shirts jeans and skirts and long styled hair As the Canadians pass a small, crowded house a Chinese man waves them inside The foreigners go in slowly through the narrow door and are given chairs in the tiny front room About 25 passersby push into the doorway to stare or peer through the open window Everything is tentative The man smiles at the strangers, offering them cigarettes and glasses of clear tea Coming from the radio in the back room is the sound of Brahms's Violin Concerto Everybody smiles at everybody else The Canadians are more than slightly stunned by their reception Not because the Chinese are unfriendly but because an invitation to a foreigner to come into a Chinese home is never made

One Canadian diplomat spent nearly three years in Peking without ever seeing the inside of an ordinary Chinese house What in any other country would be an act of simple hospitality is, in China, an act of personal politics A year ago, it could not have happened

Liu Shih-kun is now 39 He is tall and slim, very quiet with fine features that exude passivity He plays the piano and probably plays it better than anyone in China In 1958, he came second to the Texan Van Cliburn at the Tchaikovsky piano competition in Moscow The next year he won a worldwide Liszt piano festival His father-in-law is a man named Yeh Chien-ying, an old military friend of Mao Tse-tung and a prominent member of the Politburo's standing committee At the height of the cultural revolution Marshal Yeh incurred the wrath of the reactionary faction now known as the Gang of Four Supporters of the faction questioned Liu about his father-in-law, Marshal Yeh When the pianist refused to cooperate his fingers were broken He spent six years in jail Liu has a son, now 14 He wanted to teach the boy the basics of classical piano but the six years in jail deprived him of that chance Liu Shih-kun is now back performing in public where he belongs He will not talk politics or about those years in jail But when he plays something inside him lights up and he attacks the keys with murderous dexterity

A year ago people couldn't buy a ticket to a concert or line up for a movie or buy a Chinese volume of Shakespeare A year ago Beethoven—called a class composer —was not allowed public performance A year ago even the mutest criticism of the regime was unthinkable Now they will tell you, everything has changed This is the relaxed China the opened up new China It is said that this China is slowly attentively reinventing itself after the 11 dark years of anarchy spawned and nurtured by the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution The Central Philharmonic Society of Peking which, in 11 years, played no Western music and only *three* Chinese pieces is allowed to perform The poster war, it seems, is over Public denunciation is reserved for the sublimely notorious Gang of Four and the haranguing public deification of Chairman Mao has let up Young couples can now show some affection in public without fear of vilification by their peers or 'leading comrades' A woman can buy a bottle of hair dye without being accused of surrendering to "cos-



Crowds gathering behind the Peking tomb (flanked by revolutionary statues) of Chairman Mao the March 1e on egein

Photography for Maclean's by Daniel Domb principal cellist of the Toronto Symphony



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mopolitan influences." With some restraint, writers can once again write, dancers can dance, composers can compose and musicians, like Liu Shih-kun, can again perform in front of Chinese audiences. It is spring in China in this Year of the Horse and the country of 900 million is in thaw. But to the foreigner traveling in China this spring it is difficult determining what is concrete and what is chimera. If the Westerner carries around with him his old habits of analysis to reason things through in precise geometric formulations, the frustration creeps in under the door. To the foreigner, traveling through China is like being hustled through a strange, dimly lit city in a bell jar. Images and sounds ping off the sides of the glass, but hard contact with the outside reality is uneven and infrequent.

Earlier this year the Toronto Symphony spent two weeks in China traveling 1,200 miles to three cities and performing before capacity audiences. It was the largest and most important cultural exchange ever made by Canada to China. While on the surface it was a cultural tour, the 92 musicians brought with them an urgent curiosity about the country and its people. What they saw was not the new China or the "real" China but a refracted image of what China hopes to become in the post-Mao era.

That image is bathed in contradictions. In a country which presumes egalitarianism, leadership is a cult. Western decadence is shunned yet leading comrades ride in chauffeured cars and foreign capitalists are given big, intimidating bourgeois mobiles to ride around in. Chinese art is a perfect gemstone of delicacy, yet blunt politics is a part of every cultural event. Tour guides who pride themselves on their straightforwardness with strangers rarely answer embarrassing questions. The ordinary Chinese is supposed to be xenophobic but in reality is friendly and courteous to the point of obsession, offering a foreigner his seat in a bus or place in a queue. The Chinese have a wondrous way of dealing with large groups of visitors who move from place to place around their country. They run the tourists ragged from early morning. There are banquets, cocktail parties, visits to tombs, temples, stores, schools, factories, more temples, the Great Wall, more banquets. By the end of the day, the foreigner's nerve endings are suffering a sensory overload. He has seen what official China wants him to see and he is probably too tired to go looking for anything else.

Peking, a starting point, is indelibly ugly in winter. Whatever light there is becomes clouded over by the blowing dust which whirls in from the deserts of Inner Mongolia, near the capital. The cold is marrow deep. The main streets run for miles at right angles to every horizon. Prior to 1911, no building was allowed to be constructed higher than the emperor's palace

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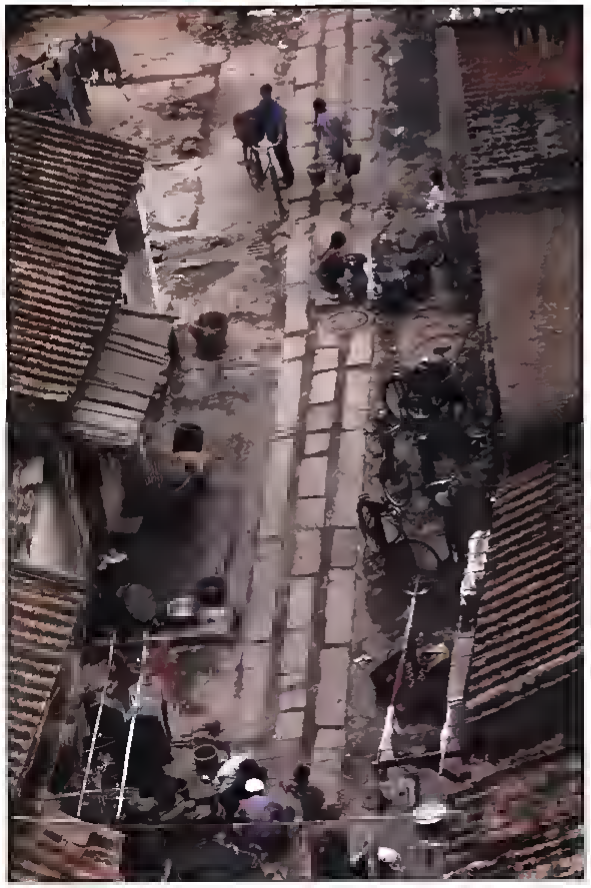
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Students awaiting dance classes at Canton's Children's Palace (left), a father and child in Shanghai queue (above), and Cantonese housewives hauling water in buckets: an eternal patience

in the Forbidden City Peking is as flat as a coffee table and consequently nothing breaks the perspective save the occasional ugly mass of a building thrown up by the Russians in the late Fifties Ch'ang-An Avenue which runs past Tien-An Men Square, seems built for nonexistent car traffic, its wide lanes packed with bicycles In the city of seven million there are two million bicycles and the only spontaneous thing about Peking is the ardent ringing of their bells

Peking is a company town with government its industry The people have a stony, austere presence about them In their drab blue greatcoats, grey pants and fur hats they look like some lost conclave of secular monks In South China people stare and smile at foreigners in Peking they merely stare The houses in the dark streets are all one-storey, squat behind grey walls The sea of grey in the houses and the people is punctuated only by the colorfully dressed children or the green tunics of soldiers in the People's Liberation Army

Every few blocks the Chinese whether out for a stroll or on his way to work is confronted by the omnipresent political talisman of his life, yet another Chairman Mao quotation The intriguing vastness of Tian-An Men is marred by huge portraits of that other gang of four Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, and a Maoism "Support the people of the Third World in their struggle against Imperialism and Colonialism"

The people of Peking seem to be more aware of "the enemy"—either foreign or homegrown—than Chinese in other cities Vide the Gang of Four Before it was broken (smashed is the official buzz-word) in October of 1976 it constituted a genuine threat to the leadership of Hua Kuo-feng Led by Chiang Ching the widow of Mao, this ultra-left faction attempted, in effect, a

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coup d'etat and a return to the good old days of Red Guardism. Now under house arrest somewhere in Peking, the Gang is the focus of public opprobrium. If the rhetoric is to be believed, the gang wrought more devastation in a few years than centuries of marauding war lords. In the argot of the Politburo, the gang was guilty of revisionism, conspiracy, factionalism and something condemned as "splitism."

The external enemies are the "social imperialists" in the forms of the Americans and the Russians who are called 'the hairy old ones." According to one local cadre guiding foreigners through Peking, "The Russian revisionists have very, very long arms."

The Chinese, the leadership at any rate, seem to expect at any moment an attack from the Soviet Union and take great pains to show foreigners how a peace-loving people protect themselves. Underneath one of the shopping streets in Peking, there is an air raid shelter capable of housing 10,000 people. Entrance to the shelter is in the middle of a clothing store. At the push of a button, the floor recedes revealing 44 steps leading down to the shelter 15 feet below. There is much elaborate explaining and speechmaking by the comrade in charge who keeps emphasizing that the shelter was dug by hand by workers from the area in their off time. It strikes the visitor as odd that such civic pride is showered on a hidey-hole in the ground where the masses can huddle during an attack.

By any objective standards, the country is poor. But nobody starves. Health care is readily available and the stock of consumer goods is increasing. Rationing is still in effect in China. Coupons are necessary for instance, to buy cotton products. Before a man can buy a new battery for his radio, if he has a radio, he must turn in the old one. Yet the stores are usually jammed. The post-Liberation generation has now grown up and married and is looking for more consumer goods. One of the problems facing the regime, of course, is providing the goods and the money to buy them. Peking's main shopping area is the Wang Fuching Street, near the Peking Hotel. The largest department store is poorly lit and not very warm. Most of the light comes in through large windows on each floor. On the first floor are hundreds of counters stocking household items like lamps, cooking utensils, toys, books, stationery. The most popular counters sell radios, watches, televisions, camera equipment and records. A television costs the equivalent of $400, a Flying Pigeon bicycle, built in Shanghai, costs about 150 Yuan or the accumulation of two to three months salary of the ordinary worker. Women are discouraged from marrying until age 24 and in rural areas ask their prospective husbands for "three things that go round"—a watch, a sewing machine and a bicycle. Shoppers buy with grave care and attention. A PLA soldier closely examines an expansion watch band; 10 minutes later, he is still studying it. In China, there is no haggling, the price is the price. Officials will deny that there is a black market in consumer goods. But a sign in Shanghai warns "Let us resolutely put an end to all illicit markets. Let us support the rational order of the socialist market."

Above all else, China is a working society. Whether on a commune, in a bank or driving a bus, people toil. They will work for instance in a handicrafts factory for eight hours a day, six days a week. Each craftsman has a quota to meet of so many cloisonné vases or pieces of carved jade or hand-painted bottles per day. For those who excel in their craft or go over their quota, there is usually an honors board posted prominently on the factory's walls. In Shanghai during Spring Festival, truckloads of comrades roll through the streets with gongs beating, up to the house of an honored "advanced worker." Everybody climbs out of the truck and, led by the band, marches to the advanced worker's house and presents him with a symbol of appreciation.

More than 85% of the people work in non-urban areas. And nearly every visitor is taken to see a commune. Usually the commune is of the showcase variety whose inhabitants are used to inquisitive foreigners. The form runs like this: the tourists are bused out to the commune to be met by the Leading Comrades and an impromptu band of beautiful children waving colored

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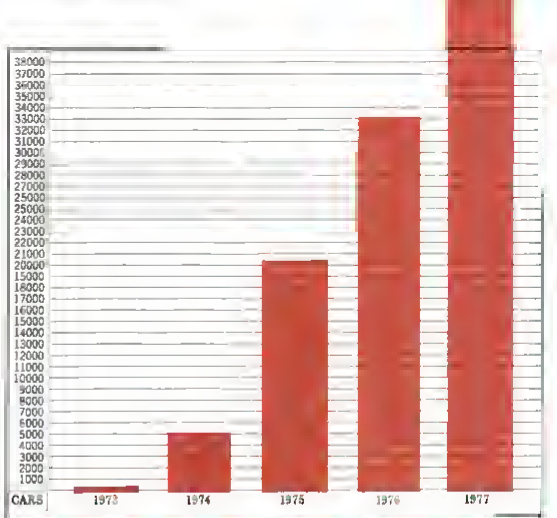
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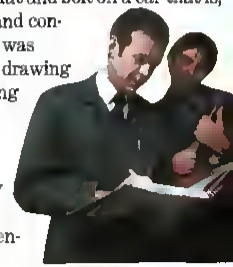
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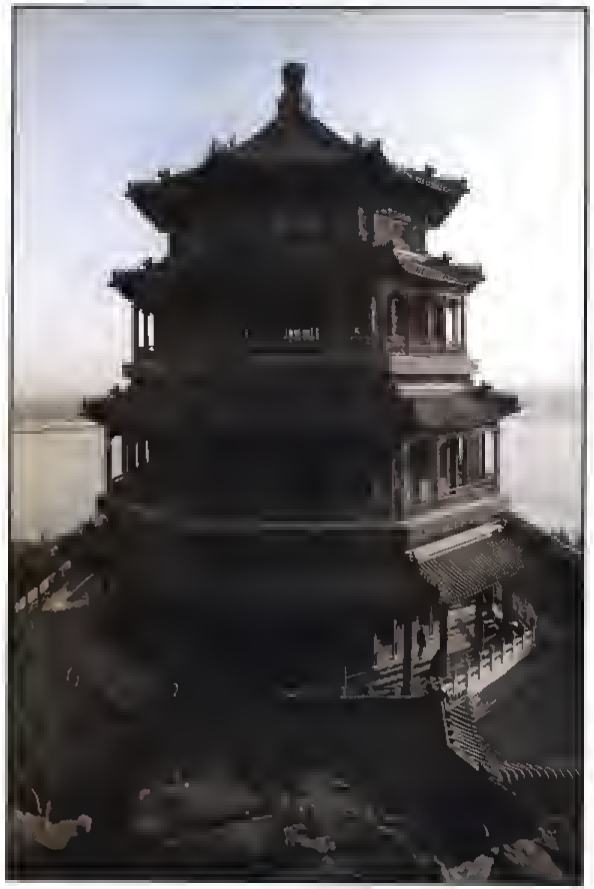
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ENIT

ribbons and singing welcome songs. Then the visitors are given a tea and have to sit through a 10-minute lecture from a leader on the increased production figures of the commune. Following this there is a see-for-yourself visit to one of the houses.

The commune of Ta-li, outside Canton, has 50,900 households and 69,000 inhabitants. It was begun in 1958. The workers are divided into 19 production brigades and 243 production teams growing and harvesting rice, vegetables, watermelons, peanuts and sweet potatoes. The leader of the commune is elected by the "masses" and everything is considered terribly democratic. The model home is comfortable, simply furnished and small. The floor of the main room is tiled and everything is clean. On one wall are two posters: Mao and Hua. Family photographs are clustered atop a chest. The woman of the house talks enthusiastically about her homelife, her husband and the commune. The husband quietly moves around the room handing out cigarettes and nibbles and beams at his ever-explaining wife. A few doors away is a not-so-model but more typical house. The floors are uncovered, the rooms smaller and more cramped, the lighting poor. The man who lives there proudly displays some carpentry work he has done upstairs. The guide explains that the second house "isn't finished yet."

The Chinese attitude toward foreigners is ambivalent. They are shy but at the same time are intensely curious. They want to know about Canadians, about Canadian weather, living conditions; they want to see baby pictures and ask what Americans are like. ("Us," say the Canadians.) They know and talk about Norman Bethune and hockey. They do not like to make disparaging remarks about anything Chinese, yet will ask the foreigner for detailed criti-







The Emperor's summer palace still broods over Peking (right) and the Shanghai Opera still applauds its audience after a performance, but a worker now uses an electric tool to carve designs in ivory

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cism of his visit. Collectively, the Chinese look to the world for technique but to themselves for application. They want to buy the world's technology and bend it to their own use. A doctor in Shanghai admits quite candidly: "We are still a poor country, a developing country and we have to learn from you in the West." Shanghai is the most outward looking of Chinese cities. Its 11 million residents are more used to seeing foreigners on their streets. The city still creates vestigial memories of the pre-1949 days when Shanghai was the plaything of the French, Germans and British. The architecture is mostly British. The streets wind and turn more gently than the perpendicular roads of Peking.

Politically, Shanghai is difficult to control. It has a revolutionary history—the Chinese Communist Party was founded here in 1921—and it was a stronghold of the Gang of Four. Its immense population and its contact with the trading ships of other countries make it more relaxed and cosmopolitan than Peking. In Shanghai the people tend to be more open and candid. At one point during a particularly inflating banquet, a young man asked me if Canadians were aware of a devastating series of stories about China by *The Globe and Mail's* Peking correspondent, Ross H. Munro. (Last fall, Munro explored and decried the lack of civil liberties in China. The series appeared in more than 300 newspapers around the world. Munro's visa was not renewed by the Chinese.) The young man immediately switched from English to French and whispered: "The stories were very good; congratulations to Munro." The fact that he knew about the stories in any other time would have been considered dangerous intelligence.

The Chinese like to tell foreigners that even in large cities like Shanghai there is very little crime, no thievery. While it is true that physical assault is almost unheard of, every Chinese locks his bicycle carefully and bicycle parking areas are often guarded. There is crime in China, but of course no attainable statistics. Law enforcement is carried out by the Public Security Bureau (the cops) and sometimes by the PLA (the army). The criminal justice system is a construct all of its own with little reference to common law societies. There are four courts, the Supreme People's Court which is national in scope; the High People's Court; the Intermediate People's Court and the Primary People's Court.

A man accused of a crime is allowed only two trials. Most cases never get to court, they are settled at the work unit or neighborhood committee level. Judges are chosen from the masses and are picked for their "high political awareness."

Most of the crimes that do get to court are offenses against property—theft, embezzlement and hooliganism. There are two types of capital crimes: one is an offense "which arouses the serious indignation of the masses." The penalty is sum-



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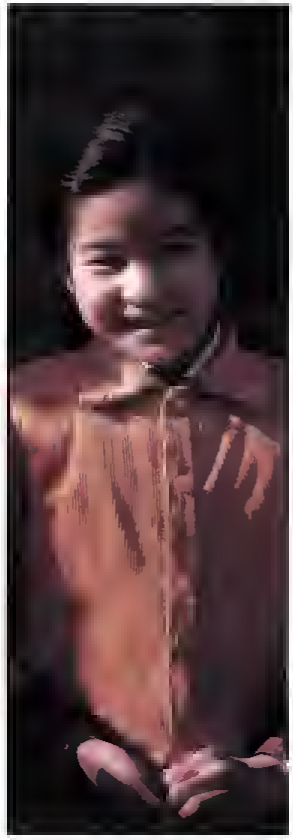
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mary execution, by firing squad, usually within four days. The other capital crime is serious but does not gravely offend the masses. Someone convicted of this crime can be put under sentence of death for two years at which time the sentence can be commuted if the villain shows signs of remorse. If a foreigner gets in trouble with the law, the results can be harrowing. For instance, if a foreign resident of Peking accidentally injures a Chinese in a car accident, he is automatically at fault. If the Chinese dies as a result of the accident, the foreigner is kicked out of the country immediately and his company or embassy has to indemnify the government with a $50,000 payment.

Main Street China—Peking's Ch'ang-An with some of its two million bicycles and Cantonese girl (below) westward turning?



Ruth Weiss is a tiny, dazzling woman with shining white hair, lazy blue eyes and vast pools of energy from which she fuels endlessly interesting conversations. She was born in Vienna 69 years ago and has lived in China for most of the past 38 years. She has two grown sons. She talks about China the way most people talk about their best friends. She sees the strengths and the many weaknesses in the system.

"I still remember the old China," she says. "It's so different now. Nowadays everything is done for the greatest number of people, not for one class or one group or even one man. There is a very real sense of pulling together. Now, we've made mistakes, many mistakes, but you must remember that in China everything is evolving, experimental.

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China's way – at least the latest version of it – is being hailed as the New Long March, a striding toward material well-being and modernization, named after Chairman Mao's great military accomplishment in 1935. Whether this means more turning outward to the world and an internal relaxation of rigid Maoism, only the Chinese know.



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One-man show

Will we soon be discussing 'The Fraser Touch?'

By Suzanne Zwarun

The rambling white house in Old Strathcona, south Edmonton, has the comfortable, lived-in look of a home that has weathered the decades well. On this brisk, wintry night Fil (from Felix) Fraser unlocks the door and a swarm of kids, cats and guests tumbles down the hallway toward him in a great, warm wave. They're a kissing family, the Frasers. No perfunctory pecks here. No crisp chic laying on of cheeks for them. Ruth Fraser elbows her way through the throng, stretches mightily to reach her tall husband and clasps him in a long, passionate embrace. "I haven't seen you *all* day," she manages to say before she's hustled aside by the rest of the horde.

The bear hugging subsides and everyone crowds into the living room to sprawl in front of the television set. Besides the Frasers and three of their children (Randy, 16; David, 13; Kathryn, 10; Tanise, 17, is out on a date), there are Ruth's mother, Sigrid Bertelsen, writer Marjorie Morgan, Len Stahl, secretary of the Alberta Motion Picture Industries Association, and Wayne Clarkson, director of the Toronto International Film Festival. They've gathered to watch a video tape, and their attention on the TV screen is so total you can hear in the dark: the ticking of a clock, the creak and crackle of wicker chairs, the tinkle of ice cubes in glasses. "Is that Kathy?" Randy asks once, as a group of dancers spins past on the screen. "Yep," says Kathy and giggles shyly.

It's all so cozy, so removed from the hard-edge glitter of a Hollywood movie premiere it might be any family watching any home movie. But the film under scrutiny is a rough-cut version of *Marie-Anne*, a Fil Fraser production, the second feature film by the man largely responsible for bringing *Why Shoot The Teacher* to the screen. *Teacher* is a Canadian phenomenon: a critical success—one Toronto reviewer confessed it made him cry—that's on its way to breaking even financially. Made for a piddling $1.2 million, *Teacher* has since opening last July done $1.7 million worth of box office business, a gross





PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIFF CHRISTIANSEN

Fraser in portrait (left) and doing his radio show: after 'Why Shoot The Teacher' what does he do for an encore? Watch him

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exceeded in Canada only by *Black Christmas* and *The Apprenticeship Of Duddy Kravitz* (about $1.8 million each). That doesn't put *Teacher* up there with *Semi-Tough* currently doing business at the rate of three million dollars a week. That doesn't even mean *Teacher* is making money yet, but it puts it within striking distance of a profit when it goes into American distribution later this spring.

Most Canadian moviemakers would settle for that. Fraser is aiming for an even bigger breakthrough with *Marie-Anne*. He made the film for $650,000, paring the outlay to the bone in the hope the film can recoup its costs in Canada. "I don't know if it's possible to make back the cost of a film in Canada, but if it is, *Marie-Anne* has the best chance of doing it," he says.

Marie-Anne betrays Fraser's enthusiasm for a Good Story. Starring Montrealer Andrée Pelletier and Albertans John Juliani and Tantoo Martin, it's the love triangle tale of a voyageur, his Indian princess and his convent-bred wife, the first white woman to reach Fort Edmonton. Written by Edmontonian Marjorie Morgan, who was inspired by Fraser's plea for a film that could use the highly photogenic fort as a backdrop, it's based on an incident in the life of the woman who was later to become Louis Riel's grandmother. It's due for release sometime in the fall, but as Fraser tidied up the final details, he was already launched into the preliminaries for his next film, W. O. Mitchell's stage hit *Back To Beulah*, to be filmed in October.

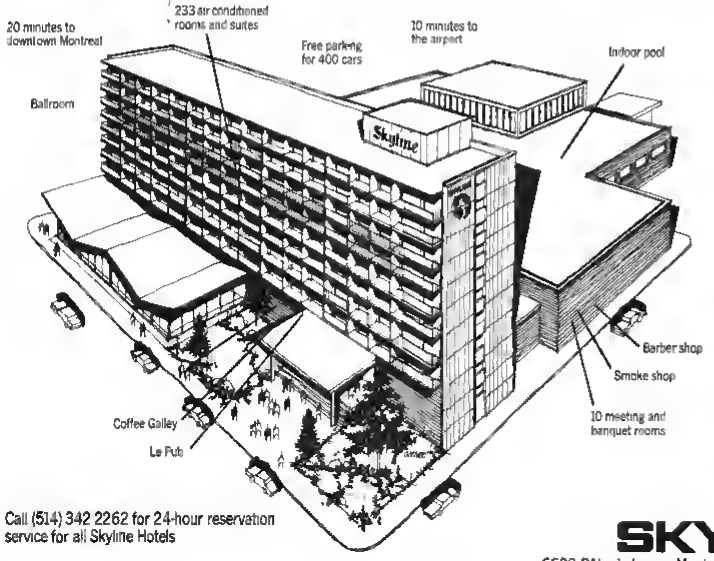


Fraser working out: a man in his prime

And that's merely the beginning. A blackboard in Fraser's office spells out one possible timetable: *Why Shoot The Teacher*, *Marie-Anne*, *Back To Beulah*, *Half-Breed*, *The Meadowlark Connection*, *The Secret World Of Og*, Athol Murray, *Never Had A Chance*, DeFelice project, Rohmer project.

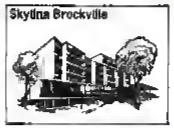
Two down, one in the works, nine to go. It's an extravagantly ambitious schedule for the veteran of one small film. And if film making is Fraser's main preoccupation now that he's 45 and has reached his "maturity," it's anything but his sole interest. He regularly steams through 18-hour days hosting Edmonton's top-rated radio talk show on CJCA, attending various film association meetings, planning a film festival to be held in conjunction with the Commonwealth Games this summer. He can, simultaneously, launch a petition protesting aldermanic pay raises (24,000 people promptly signed up) and organize the reopening of the historic Princess Theatre, a restoration project of the Old Strathcona Foundation. Somehow, in the midst of it all, he finds time to skate, ski, fly and rebuild old Studebakers. He's a hustler, a scrambler, a survivor. Not one of your fast-talking, back-slapping, cigar-chomping stereotypes of a hustler, but a quietly deter-

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Take the house that Fraser built. Divorced from his first wife when Randy was four, Fraser found on the outskirts of Edmonton the perfect acre of land and set about building an equally perfect house for a man and his boy. Most people would have taken their dream to architects and contractors, Fraser designed the house, built it himself, lived in it happily until he remarried. *Why Shoot The Teacher* came about in similar fashion. "If you ask anyone back East who made *Why Shoot The Teacher*, they'll say it was CTV's Larry Hertzog," says a Western stage and film director who's not close to Fraser but wants the story told accurately. "Out West, we all know it was Fil Fraser."

The idea for the film was born, casually, four years ago. Max Braithwaite, who wrote the book, was in Edmonton with his wife, promoting a new work, and they celebrated their thirty-seventh anniversary with the Frasers. Stuffed with wild duck and champagne stretched lazily in front of the fireplace, Braithwaite asked: "What do you *really* want to do, Fil?" Fraser admitted he wanted to make feature films. "Why not make *Why Shoot The Teacher*?" Braithwaite asked.

Why not indeed? It seemed a manageable idea to Fraser. He'd made several television documentaries and had gone as far as picking brains in Hollywood and Toronto on how the feature film industry worked, much the way he'd earlier scalped the expertise of architects and contractors. He sped off to Toronto to announce he was going to make a movie.

In the end, Fraser cemented together one of the more complex financial deals in the history of Canadian film. CTV, Famous Players, Ambassador Film Distributors, The Canadian Film Development Corporation, the Alberta Opportunity Company, private Alberta and Toronto investors put up the $1.2 million. Along the way, Fraser had the screenplay written and rewritten, put together a mostly local film crew, rediscovered *Georgy Girl* director Silvio Narizzano who, in turn, decided on Bud Cort and Samantha Eggar for the leads. Two and a half years after the champagne brainstorm in front of the fire, the cameras started filming in Hanna, Alberta, and *Teacher* was under way.

It's the challenge of making films that appeals to him, says Fraser, over lunch at the University of Alberta faculty club where his membership is a perk left over from two terms on the university senate. "It's an incredible financial challenge, of course, but it's more than that. You take an idea, you pull it together, and you create an entity with a life all its own. It sucks you up, wrings out of you everything you have to give. But there's a feeling at the end, when you finally look at it ..." Fraser, by now absentmindedly gobbling down sugar cubes, runs out of words.



Most of Fraser's life, from the outside, appears to have been lived with that same frantic intensity. His striking good looks might have landed him in front of the film cameras, his seamless, edgeless voice put him, instead, into broadcasting in an era when radio didn't welcome black faces even hidden behind microphones. Fraser and his four brothers were born and raised in Ville d'Anjou, east of East Montreal, where their Trinidadian father was a Depression years land developer selling plots to immigrants for $10 down and whatever he could collect a month. In that polyglot community, dubbed Fraserville by the locals, the battles were religious. Fraser had his first brush with racial discrimination—and his last, he says—when he left home at 17 to get a broadcasting job. "In Toronto and Montreal I learned the only way to break into radio was through the small-town stations. But the small-town stations told me flat-out their towns wouldn't accept a black man." That surprised rather than embittered him ... it deterred him not a whit. In 1950 he was working as a stock clerk, still knocking on radio doors, when Foster Hewitt gave him the break for which he's still grateful: night operator on CKFH Toronto. That led to on-air jobs in Timmins and Barrie, then in 1955, Fraser decided to tackle university.

Fraser pondering in his office: there is enough time to do all those things; it's simply a matter of not sleeping too much



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In the next three years, Fraser hit his stride. "Those were wild days. I was a young buck in Montreal and there were a whole lot of things going on in my life. It was a big party all the time." He financed 1½ years at McGill with an all-night disc jockey job on CKVL Verdun, ran his own midnight radio show out of the El Morocco, wrote for *Music World*, worked for *Midnight* in that tabloid's most flamboyantly muckraking days, launched a weekly called *Police Reporter* that lasted three issues. All pretty much at the same time.

Vacations took on the same tempo. In 1958, now news editor at CFCF Montreal, Fraser wangled a free trip West to see a girl friend in Regina, interviewed Tommy Douglas and in three weeks was at work in the public relations department of the Saskatchewan Government Insurance Office. He juggled another handful of jobs, in advertising and elsewhere, before coming to rest for seven years in the field of alcohol education, first with the Saskatchewan Bureau of Alcoholism, then with its Alberta counterpart. It wasn't the departure from his previous work that it might seem; it was a subject close to Fraser, not because of any personal problem with the bottle but because of media friends he'd lost to booze. Fraser wrote a book, edited another, scattered papers at seminars and, all the while, collected Good Stories that later found their way into his radio and television free-lancing work.

The Saskatchewan government's psychiatric service, in those pre-Timothy Leary days of Fraser's involvement, was experimenting with LSD as an alcoholism cure. Fraser volunteered for a session. "We were at Long Lake on a beautiful fall day with Beatles music playing in the background. And it was like putting a magnifying glass inside your head. It showed me how fast your head works, how many dimensions it has. I pretty well knew what was in there. But I was filled with a wonder of the whole process. I saw it all with great clarity. For some, it's a terrifying experience. For me, it was benign, pleasant, lovely. I'm very sane, I guess."

On the surface, Fraser's latest film venture seems, if not insane, at least a little quirky. With *Teacher* a success, Fraser might have been expected to go for a bigger-budget, bigger-star picture. He went the other way: producing *Marie Anne* speedily and frugally, using Canadians, mainly Edmontonians (the film editor and production manager were imported from Hollywood). It took four weeks to make and cost $650,000 raised from private backers and an Alberta Opportunity Company loan.

The almost entirely bilingual cast also gave Fraser the chance to aim the movie at both English- and French-Canadian markets. "No one expects to make money in Canada, they all wait for the foreign markets. So part of what we're doing is testing that principle. We're trying to demonstrate that we have the capacity for making films

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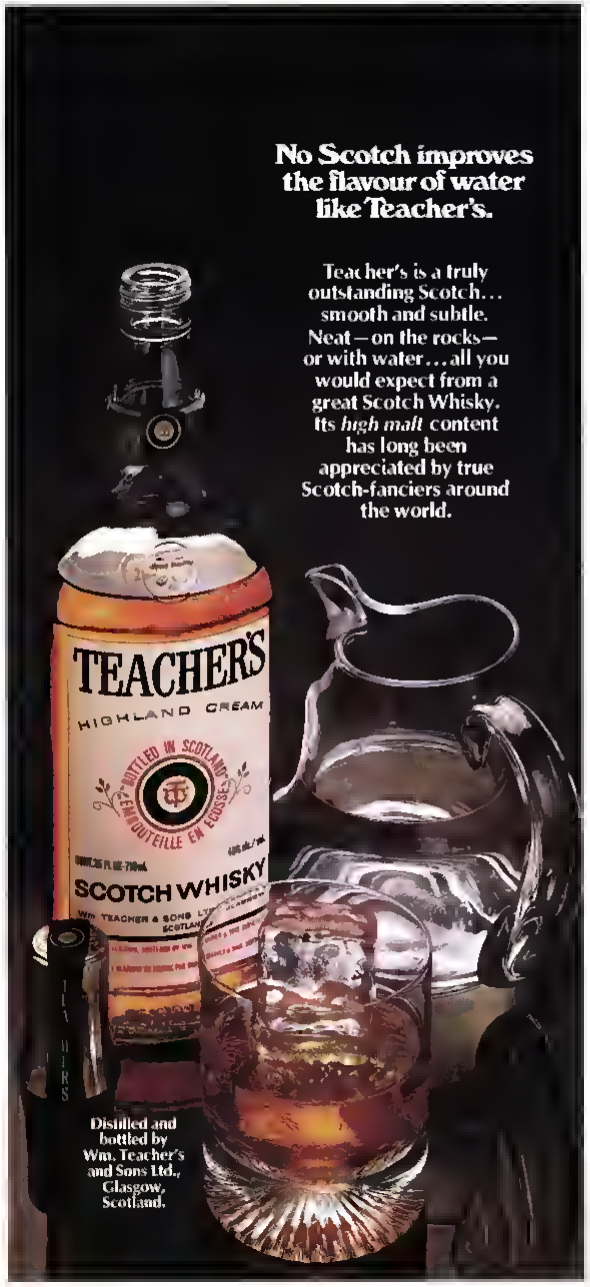
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To spread that gospel, Fraser has plunged into the film world's political wars. He's vice-president of the Alberta Motion Picture Industries Association, a director of the Canadian Film Institute, a member of the Motion Picture Institute of Canada and the Alberta Film Study Committee, a consultant on film policy to the Alberta Department of Culture. It's a heavy load for a man who grows too soon impatient at meetings. "But you have to get involved politically, make a commitment, otherwise, you're working in a vacuum. It's hard work getting a film out, particularly in this country. Meeting people, learning about film, is all part of getting myself totally involved, emotionally, spiritually, intellectually. You're always on the cutting edge. It's extremely satisfying."

It's not, so far, particularly lucrative, but neither Fraser seems to worry about that. Fraser's morning talk show "earns my bread and butter before noon". Ruth is a partner in a publisher's agency and teaches creative writing at Banff. The two—married five years—are each other's biggest admirers. Fraser predicts Ruth will one day be a serious writer to be reckoned with, she's sure he'll be a force in films. "We go back a long way, Fil and I," says Ruth. "We were good friends before we were lovers. In fact, we shook hands and said we'd be friends first, regardless of whatever else happened."

Friends are also the linchpins of Fraser's film career. Friend Bill Mitchell, scarred by previous encounters with moviemakers, is entrusting *Back To Beulah* to Fraser. A heavier trust, perhaps, has been laid on him by Maria Campbell, who wrote *Half Breed*, a history of her Métis people, and was appalled by the exploitative offers that poured in from moviemakers around the continent. It was *Half Breed* that first turned Fraser's thoughts in the direction of moviemaking. She's his blood sister, a bond forged high over the South Saskatchewan at Batoche after her brother was drowned because her people have the tradition that if you lose someone you love greatly, the sorrow can be eased by having someone take their place. "I've read her book over and over again, but to do it properly as a movie is an enormous project. What the book says is so important, so moving, it simply has to be done right."

And one day soon, says Fraser, *Half Breed* will be done and it will be a movie to be remembered because he'll handle it the way it deserves. Myrna Kostash, writing in *Maclean's* before the release of *Why Shoot The Teacher*, said of an interview with Fraser: "It's a promoter's talk. Now, if Fraser can actually persuade people to see *Why Shoot The Teacher*, we can call him a producer." With people still streaming to theatres across the country to see *Teacher*, it would seem that Fraser has passed the first acid test ◇



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The President's Analyzer

No more need to wonder who's Kissinger now

By William Lowther

Through the big black door with the bold brass lock steps Dr. Zbigniew Kazimierz Brzezinski. Looking good. Lithe and lean. And even though his mother worries that he doesn't take his vitamins you can tell he is thriving on power. This once-upon-a-time Canadian who used to be Polish and is now American strides through the White House like he owns it. His confidence is only capped by his arrogance. Later, when I am invited back through that black door and into the cavernous office behind, I ask what he will do next. He chuckles. He grins. He says: "Well, I'm a Catholic. Maybe I'll be the first lay Pope."

Zbigniew Brzezinski, national security adviser to President Jimmy Carter, has emerged as probably the single most influential voice in American foreign policy today. He is a major mover of the Western world. His critics liken him to Dr. Strangelove. They call him a "cold war warrior," a hard-line anti-Communist with little concern for détente. A scholar turned bureaucrat who intends, above all else, to out-Kissinger his old rival Henry Kissinger. His disciples and there are many, say he is a driving force for a new world system that puts humanity and caring before hegemony and commerce. In truth he cannot be categorized, despite his prolific writings—210 articles and eight books. Like his boss and pupil the President, he is a very political animal.



Most of his family still lives in Montreal. And in a sense he is once again part of Canadian life—although he has not lived north of the border for 28 years—because the plans and policies for which he is responsible affect us all. And one cannot help reflecting that if the United States is keeping a close watch on Quebec's political instability (which it is) the reports go to Brzezinski. If contingency plans are being drawn up to deal with Canada's prospects should Confederation totter (and diplomatic Machiavellianism would seem to dictate that such plans are in existence) then the man behind them is Brzezinski.

His parents live in a modest little house on Madison Avenue in a middle-class neighborhood of Montreal. Mrs. Leonia Brzezinski, crippled with arthritis, fairly puffs up with pride when she talks about her son. Two stories, having taken on the aura of parables in the family history, come spilling out.

When Zbigniew was seven years old the family went on vacation to the Carpathian Mountains in southern Poland. One hot, humid day they returned from a long difficult climb and as his mother now remembers it, "Everybody ran for water. But he stood. No. He would not drink. He would stay dry, parched. He wanted to experience for himself the suffering that was going on at that time in other parts of Europe." Later, on returning home to Warsaw, the young Brzezinski refused to sleep in his bed. He chose to rest on a hard wood floor. Again, he wanted to experience the suffering in order to "understand."

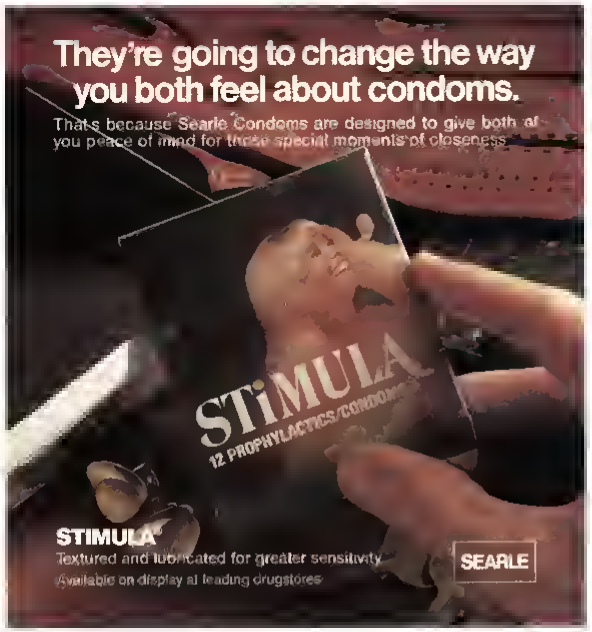
Zbigniew was an enfant terrible. Sensitive with a flair for the dramatic. Able by single small gestures to grab attention, keep it, and make lasting impressions. One of his recent and most damning critics wrote at the time of Brzezinski's appointment to the White House: "In many ways he is the ideal talk show guest: quick and smooth and sure. Those qualities can seem to transform fairly simple ideas into impressive insight."

Obviously, it is his name that strikes you first. It could hardly be more foreign to the English tongue. Then comes the accent, unmistakably Eastern European. Polished with an old world charm, edged with pre-

Zbig on foreign policy priorities:

"The first is to identify the United States and perhaps the West more generally with certain fundamental values which are other than just material. This is where human rights become very important. If the West doesn't stand for something more than consumption, it will risk historical decline. The second is to build a wider, more competent, international system going beyond the traditional alliances and becoming less preoccupied with East-West confrontation. Thirdly is for the United States to help resolve those conflicts which threaten international order, notably the Middle East and southern Africa. And fourthly, to sensitize the world's governments and world public opinion to certain global problems which call for collective responses — notably nuclear proliferation and arms transfers."

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cision. He is now just 50 years old. Trim, in well-cut three-piece suits. A long face below brushed-back receding reddish brown hair. Darting blue eyes, full of expression even though he keeps them narrowed, Mongol style. Women, especially those of a certain age, find him attractive.

To friends and family he is known as "Zbig" (giving the White House "wags"—"wits" would be too strong a word—the opportunity to wonder aloud if he will "grow too Zbig for his britches"). He has deliberately cultivated a low-key, full-of-friendship-and-shared-responsibility image within the Carter administration hierarchy and among his own staff. In some ways he is intensely private, protecting his wife and family from publicity and curiosity. But at the same time he keeps a fairly large public relations staff busy. No shrinking violet, his appetite for power is fed by high ambition.

He was born in Warsaw of a Polish aristocratic family in 1928. His father, Tadeusz, was a diplomat with the prewar Pilsudski dictatorship. The family moved during the Thirties to embassy assignments in France, Germany and then in 1938 to the consulate in Montreal. The Nazi invasion and then the Communist take-over of Poland made them permanent exiles. They lived in Westmount, part of the intellectual émigré community, and bought a small farm north of the city. Zbigniew and his two brothers attended private Catholic schools. In 1950 he was graduated with an MA and first-class honors from McGill.

He spent 12 formative, growing-up years from age 10 to 22 in Canada. When he left it was for Harvard where in three years he earned his PhD in Eastern European studies and was appointed an assistant professor. The word most often used to describe his early academic career is "brilliant." He married an American girl, Mushka (the grandniece of Eduard Benes, the last non-Communist President of Czechoslovakia) and soon after took U.S. citizenship himself. He has three children.

Brzezinski left for Columbia University in 1960 and from a New York City vantage eased his way into the Democratic Party's foreign policy establishment. He worked as a "think tank" consultant to Lyndon Johnson defending or remaining politically silent and uncritical throughout the worst of the Vietnam War. His attitude, widely decried as "loyalty over principle," set him up for 1968 and a job with Democratic Presidential candidate Hubert Humphrey as chief academic adviser.

The Nixon years were put to good use as he formed a power base, along with banker David Rockefeller, in the Trilateral Commission, a Rockefeller-inspired institution aimed at perfecting a new political-business world order. Through it Brzezinski met prospective Presidential candidate Jimmy Carter. He became Carter's first foreign policy instructor and wrote all his campaign speeches on foreign policy. Along with a couple of members of the so-

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Brzezinski with Carter: how Jimmy learned to stop worrying and love the Cold War

called "Georgia mafia." Brzezinski is as secure with the President as any kissing cousin. His appointment as national security adviser was one of the first Carter made on coming to office.

The prestige and the power of the job are reflected in its trappings. Brzezinski's office is but a few seconds down a wide corridor from the President. Through that black-brass-fitted door past a bevy of secretaries and guards huddled into a cubby-hole outer sanctum, then into the huge corner room. Heavily curtained and high ceilinged, it smacks of old-time grandeur. A mounted globe in the corner, a massive walnut desk dominate. There is a thick, deep blue carpet: an atmosphere of authority. He is charming, totally relaxed and seemingly open. It is only when you touch on sensitive subjects that you find how evasive he can be.

I wonder if he still has a feel for Canada and ask him what impressions remain. He answers as always, with the certainty of a television newsreader. There is no pause for thought. "Oh, I remember the snow. I very much miss a real Canadian winter. Another impression is the compartmentalization of life. I really had no contact whatever with the French-Canadian community. I remember as a small child in Montreal being asked by my teacher along with my classmates to identify ourselves by nationality. Most said Irish or Scottish or English. I said Polish. The only kid who said he was Canadian was the only French Canadian in the class of 20." There emerges a sympathy, a regret for the Quebec cultural dilemma. "We were terribly remote from the French culture of the province. And unfortunately, in the social sense, we had a feeling of hierarchy."

It is hard to draw him out on meaningful Canadian issues. I ask about a classified 'study' he wrote for the State Department on French-Canadian nationalism while he was teaching at Columbia. "It was just a very brief think piece precipitated by the defection from the Liberal Party of Mr. Lévesque. It simply suggested that unless English Canadians took some remedies that were timely, there would be a very serious problem of separatism in Canada. That's all it said. I am not embarrassed to have made that analysis in 1966 or 1967 as the case may have been."

And what if Quebec votes for separation: if the province breaks away, what will be American reaction? "I am not prepared to speculate on hypothetical situations." He is adamant. But there must surely be contingency plans? "I am not aware of any," he says. "I know of no contingency plans dealing with the breakup of Canada. We are operating on the assumption that we will have a strong and healthy Canada to the north of us as a neighbor. And we welcome that. What more can I say?"

What more he can say, we don't know because he doesn't say.

Brzezinski has grown steadily if quietly more assertive during his first year in the White House. Like those who have gone before him he seeks to influence the President, not just provide policy ideas. His readiness to take on the Russians (this is said to be an instinctive attitude a product of his strong Roman Catholic beliefs, his upper-class East European background and his training as a specialist in Soviet affairs) was given sway from the start with the 'human rights' program. Other Western leaders, Pierre Trudeau among them, advised that a more diplomatic, backroom approach paid off better. But pushed by Brzezinski, Carter turned the issue into a moral crusade, confronting the Soviets on what they claim is a domestic affair. As a result, we have seen some of the worst dissident crackdowns of the decade and further restrictions on exit visas. At the same time, U.S.-Soviet relations have deteriorated noticeably and Strategic Arms Limitations Talks have stalled.

The whole business is classic Brzezinski. The idea is superbly simple, inarguably right, a broad brush concept with drama and flair. It has worked at home to draw support—who could be against human rights?—but out where it matters, in Moscow and Tehran, Seoul and Pretoria, nothing has changed for the better. To date it's a flop. One Washington observer notes: "You see, on the surface the idea is deep. But deep down, it's shallow."

Harvard professor Stanley Hoffmann, a longtime Brzezinski rival, seems to agree with that assessment. He says: "Maybe the thing I am most mad at in the case of Zbig is he was a man who could have been an absolutely first-rate scholar. And to me he has a little bit prostituted that talent in order to get power."

Whatever recognition Brzezinski has gained, he has certainly worked for it. And



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never harder than now. He gets to the office soon after seven and rarely leaves much before nine at night. Does he enjoy the job? "I have very little time for conscious enjoyment of it. When it's finished I will probably say to myself, sadly, I should have savored it more when I had it. But when you are in here you don't have very much time to enjoy it because you are continually struggling with difficulties."

Back in Montreal, his parents are concerned about the toll on his health. Says his mother, "I am worried, yes. How can anyone work all the day and then all the night without stopping?" His father interjects: "We are so proud that he is able to put into effect so many good ideas. The idea of human rights, increasing cooperation among the Western countries." Back to his mother: "If you say that I am worried he would be furious with me. He calls us every week. I always ask about his health and he doesn't like it. I send him vitamins but he gives them to his dog."

Vitamins or no, Brzezinski does not lack vitality. And yet interestingly, he does not use it for internal politicking. When McGeorge Bundy held the NSC job back in the Kennedy years, there was constant friction with Secretary of State Dean Rusk and the power plays were often vicious. And of course, when Kissinger held the office he used it to humiliate Secretary of State William Rogers during the first Nixon administration. Brzezinski has a warm personal relationship with Cyrus Vance, however, and there seems to be no back-stabbing. "I want to prove that in this day and age of very rapid and intense change the President can have around him a team of people who work together well," Brzezinski says. "I see the challenge before me not to undercut my colleagues."

Some years ago Brzezinski accused Kissinger of indulging in diplomatic "acrobatics" at a time when "architecture" was called for. Now he shies away from comparisons, but when pressed he says: "It is important to realize that we are in our first year here, and if comparisons are to be made, they should be made with his first year. The comparison of Henry's eight years should be made to our eight years—if we have eight years."

"Henry and I are reasonably good friends. When I say reasonably good friends, I am being precise. To me, the word 'friend' means something. I don't like to describe someone as my friend and then be asked if I know the name of his wife or his children and have to confess that I don't. We are not intimate friends, but we are certainly very good acquaintances."

For the next three years, the remainder of Carter's present term, Brzezinski is likely to stay as national security adviser. After that, should the President win another election, there is considerable speculation that the former Canadian will be the next secretary of state. For Carter remains an avid fan. But if that doesn't work out, there's always the Vatican. ☆



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A blessing and a curse

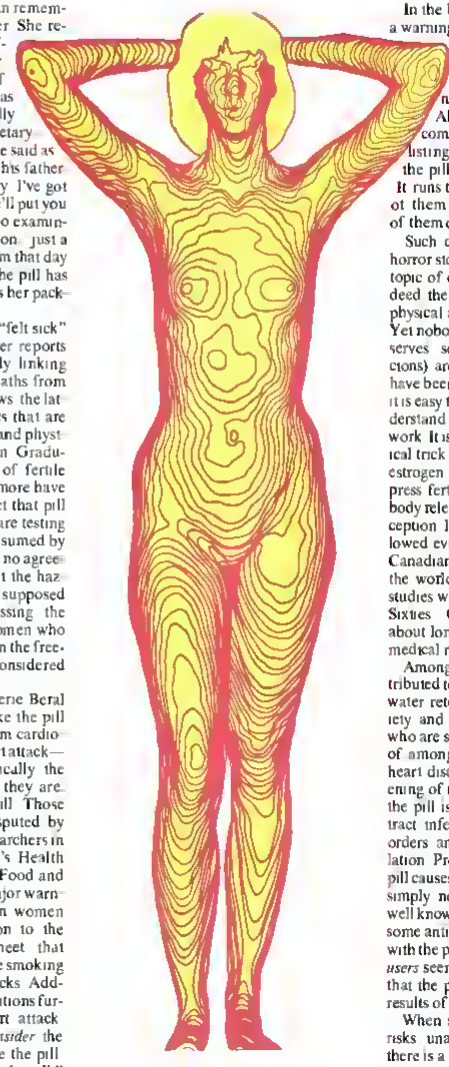
Must she who lives by The Pill also fear dying by it?

By Joann Webb

As far back as Helen Peterson can remember, the pill has been the answer. She recalls as a "tearful and naive 17-year-old "going with her mother to the doctor—complaining of painful, irregular periods. "I was so embarrassed I could hardly speak," says the executive secretary, now 29. "But I remember what he said as he patted me on the shoulder in his fatherly way: 'Now don't you worry. I've got just the thing to fix you up. We'll put you on the pill.' " And it was done. No examination, no pap test, no explanation, just a pat and a prescription. And from that day to this, without interruption, the pill has been as much a part of her life as her pack-and-a-half cigarette habit.

Like many women, Peterson "felt sick" when she read recent newspaper reports about a long-term British study linking age, pill use and smoking to deaths from heart attacks. It was shocking news, the latest in a rush of pill scare stories that are driving pill users, their partners and physicians to a state of utter confusion. Gradually, a society in which 30% of fertile women take the pill and many more have or will, is catching on to the fact that pill users are still guinea pigs. They are testing the most powerful drug ever consumed by so many for so long, and there is no agreement among professionals about the hazards involved. "What's a woman supposed to do?" asks Peterson, expressing the perplexity of a generation of women who took the pill young, got hooked on the freedom it provided, and only *then* considered the consequences.

The British study by Dr. Valerie Beral concluded that smokers who take the pill run increased risks of dying from cardiovascular disease, principally heart attack—and that the risks rise dramatically the more women smoke, the older they are, and the longer they take the pill. Those conclusions, though fiercely disputed by some of the most prominent researchers in the field, have pushed Canada's Health Protection Branch and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration to issue major warnings. Effective July 1, Canadian women will read this ominous addition to the scanty patient information sheet that comes with their pills: "Cigarette smoking and age are related to heart attacks. Adding the pill to either of these conditions further increases the risk of heart attack. Women over age 30 *should consider* the cessation of smoking if they take the pill. Women over 40 should not be on the pill."



In the United States, the FDA has issued a warning that "pill users who also smoke are 10 times more likely to die of a heart attack or circulatory disease than women who do not use the pill and do not smoke." All pill packages sold since April 1 come with an overwhelming brochure listing every piece of information about the pill, pro or con, known or suspected. It runs to several thousand words, many of them difficult and contradictory, most of them disquieting.

Such confusion can only fuel the pill horror stories that have become a popular topic of conversation in recent years. Indeed the pill has been blamed for every physical and psychological ill imaginable. Yet nobody knows how much blame it deserves; solid facts (as opposed to suspicions) are appallingly few. Since women have been popping them for 17 years now, it is easy to forget that not even doctors understand how oral contraceptives really work. It is only known that by some biological trick a combination of two hormones, estrogen and progesterone, acts to suppress fertility. Simulating pregnancy, the body releases no eggs, thus preventing conception. Incredibly, though the pill is swallowed every day by an estimated 900,000 Canadian women and 60 million women the world over, no major long-term pill studies were initiated until the end of the Sixties. Only recently has speculation about long-term effects been tied to solid medical research.

Among the most common side effects attributed to the pill are sore breasts and legs, water retention, nausea, depression, anxiety and headaches. But even pill users who are symptom-free run increased risks of, among other evils, blood clots, strokes, heart disease, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, abnormal fetuses (if the pill is taken when pregnant), urinary tract infections, some eye and skin disorders, and delayed return to normal ovulation. Precisely how or to what extent the pill causes or aggravates these conditions is simply not known. However, while it is well known in the medical community that some antibiotics and barbiturates interfere with the pill's effectiveness, few of the pill's *users* seem to know. Nor do many realize that the pill is so potent it can distort the results of routine lab tests.

When side effects are severe or health risks unavoidable (when, for example, there is a family history of blood clotting), most women follow their doctors' advice

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The Pill in manufacture at Toronto's Ortho Pharmaceutical (left) and in the hands of a worried woman: there is no free lunch

and switch to another method of birth control. But for the majority of healthy symptom-free women, the pill dilemma is a recurring one. As part of Peterson's annual checkup ritual she says to her doctor: "Are you sure it's okay for me to be on the pill?" As part of *his* annual ritual he soothes her: "My wife's been on it for 15 years," he says. "Would I let my wife take it if I didn't think it was safe?" Peterson knows full well that many doctors *won't* advise their wives to take the pill, that in fact there are as many opinions about the pill as there are physicians. Gynecologists and health clinics report that every new pill story is followed closely by a ripple of panic as women call in with questions trying to make sense of the statistics and contradictory conclusions. But they say few women seem to switch methods on the basis of scare headlines alone. Overall, pill sales have remained constant for the past four years.

Dr. John Harkin, chief of obstetrics and gynecology at Toronto General Hospital, has no doubt some women will panic over the warnings that come with their dial packs in July. "There are women with a terrible need for contraception," he says. "And now every time they take the pill they'll think they're taking cyanide or something." He estimates that childbirth causes 15 times more deaths, and that for most women the pill's side effects are zero. "It's like other things. Five or 10% of the people cause most of the noise." Harkin is furious over the Ottawa action, concerned that women will be unnecessarily scared off the pill, putting further stress on overloaded abortion facilities. "There are moans and groans about us knocking people off [with the pill]," he says. "We don't think we are. But we'll be knocking off fetuses for those ladies who stop taking the pill after the warning."

Dr. Robert Kinch, head of the committee that drafted the warning, says women should make an effort to keep the dangers in perspective. He believes that even common headache tablets are more lethal than the pill. Besides, most pill users are aged 18 to 30, so are too young to be affected by the latest statistics. In turn, he is outraged at the American action. "A woman reading this stuff," he declares, brandishing a copy of the lengthy U.S. warning, "will never take the pill again."

That is hardly likely, for Kinch is overlooking the sweet freedom the pill appears to provide. In the Fifties and through most of the freedom-conscious Sixties, the pill was hailed as the liberator of women and men from the terrible fear of unwanted pregnancy. Idealists waxed eloquent about the joys of biological independence, the dawning of sexual equality. Others talked hopefully of a new age in which women would be easier to get into bed and more fun once they got there. Whether any of that speculation has come to pass or is ever likely to come to pass remains to be proven. But there can be no doubt the pill caused a revolution, if only in expectations. University of Wisconsin professor Larry Bumpass, one of the few people who have explored the "psycho-sociological" effects of the pill, believes its revolutionary impact cannot be overestimated. "It raised, for the first time, expectations that control of fertility should be complete," says Bumpass. When that freedom reached out, as it had to, and touched other perceptions, "there was no turning back."

Despite its problems, the pill continues to be regarded with profound gratitude, especially by those who remember when unplanned babies or monthly pregnancy scares were the norm. Just one popular luxury the pill now affords is the option to delay children until careers are established, homes bought, personal goals indulged. In conversation after conversation, pill-generation women say they are glad they were born in this age. It's a recurring theme. "The pill has freed me; it has given me choices." For the first time ever, sex is being enjoyed by large numbers of young women without the probability of "paying later" with motherhood, unwanted marriage or abortion.

At some point, however, a woman starts to conjure with the unknowns—and then her sense of freedom quickly diminishes. She comprehends the enormity of what she is doing: pumping powerful chemicals through her body, perverting a natural function—ovulation—with no guarantee that she won't still have to "pay later" with a terrible disease, an early death. She wonders whether she will ever be able to conceive. "I worry that when I try to have a child they'll tell me I can't because I took the pill for so long," says Peterson. "Wouldn't that be a terrible irony?" Looking ahead, she even becomes fearful of damaging the fertility of her children and grandchildren. Nobody can assure her she won't. "The older you get the more scared you get," comments Nadine Mitchell, a 22-year-old psychology major at Brock University in St. Catharines, Ontario. Most of her friends are five-year pill veterans. "Every girl I know in residence is on the pill and they all say they're worried about screwing up their bodies."

Longtime pill users, or women committed to ongoing relationships, are more willing to experiment with other methods of birth control, but most agree that after the pill the old standbys seem inadequate. "They've given me two pregnancy scares in six months," says one single career woman who wants to postpone having children until she is established professionally. "I'm going back on the pill, risks be damned. Nothing is worth that worry." Having experienced the freedom of risk-free sex, anything less than 100% efficient birth control is no longer good enough. And that explains, says Bumpass, the recent boom in popularity of the "permanent" birth control methods—vasectomies for men, tubal ligations for women. Though sterilization was unusual (and frowned upon) just a decade ago, more than half the Canadian couples who want no more children have chosen sterilization of one partner, usually the woman. As well, more women now refuse to accept that an accident should be paid for with a baby. One out of every four pregnant women opted for a legal abortion last year—a 15% jump that "will go up another 15% with the new warnings," Harkin predicts. Even the recent swing back to the condom has been attributed to worried pill-generation women who want their men to start sharing the burden again. "The pill was fine when I was 18 and the slogan was 'live better chemically'," says Diane Rotteau, a 27-year-old editorial assistant who has been married five years. "But our lovemaking is more mature now and it's no problem for my husband to use a condom."

Nevertheless, to women who've never used anything but the tidy little pill, all other methods still seem crude. "Dia-





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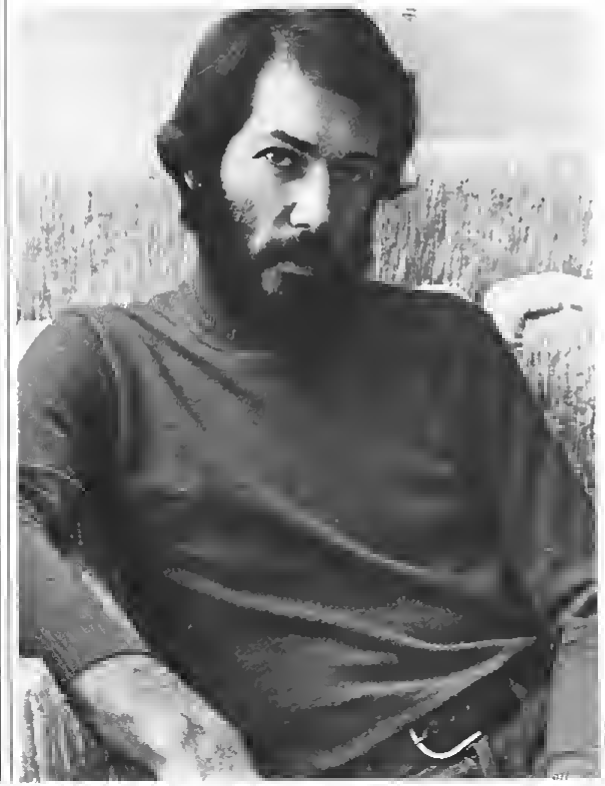
Memphis in May International Festival

phragms and IUDs are something we associate with stretched-out vaginas" laughs Nadine Mitchell "And foam well it's considered awkward—it's a nuisance and messy" Which focuses on what Bumpass calls the second revolutionary aspect of the pill the expectations it raised that birth control should not interfere with sexuality Of the most widely used methods—the pill, intrauterine devices (IUDs), diaphragms, spermicides condoms coitus interruptus and rhythm—the pill and IUD are most efficient perhaps because they're the two methods that require no thought whatever during intercourse There is no need to stop nothing to remember fiddle with worry about—no potential for human error. "Those housekeeping chores turn me right off" says one 28-year-old Toronto secretary closely echoed by her husband While such squeamishness may on the surface seem petty or downright lazy it is no minor consideration among men and women who have grown accustomed to perfection. "It amazes me how men don't even ask if you're safe any more" says Jennifer Stinson, 30 a social worker "They just assume you're on the pill and if you're not that you should be"

The IUD unfortunately is far from a perfect solution to the pill's problems, for it has many of its own To begin with it is only recommended for women who have had children (though others use it). When inserted in the uterus by a doctor to act as a long term barrier between sperm and egg it usually causes pain As well horror stories of its side effects—real or supposed—easily compete with those of the pill Women know it can perforate the uterus and cause injury and infection, shift and permit pregnancy; produce severe cramps spotting and heavier flow, be rejected by the body "God only knows what it does in there" says Dr Peter Cole director of Toronto's family planning services

Though it came back into vogue about the same time as the pill became available it has never been as popular maybe because it so graphically involves harboring a

Cole given the state of the art, a better solution is no closer than a decade away





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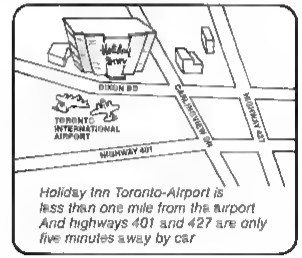
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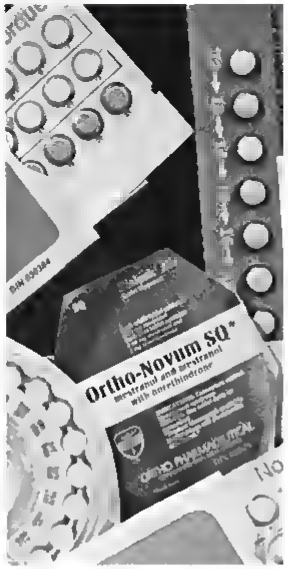
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foreign object in the body, which a lot of women find distasteful

So far, proposed alternatives to current methods aren't wildly exciting. Pill variations, such as a nasal spray which functions essentially the same way but lessens potential damage to the body, are in the experimental stages. Even when they become available, however, they will have to be used through entire reproductive cycles before long-term effects will be determined. As for the much-discussed male contraceptive pill, it is indeed undergoing tests worldwide, but the Canadians involved say the work that remains to be done is hampered by a chronic shortage of funds, as is all birth control research. Even the most hopeful among them say it won't be on the market for at least five years. And then it remains to be seen whether men will risk taking it and women will risk trusting them. More promising is research into developing mechanical methods that present no danger to anybody but work better than the ones we have. They seem even further down the line. "We're stuck with what we've got for another 10 years," concludes Toronto's Peter Cole.

To women worried about now, that's no answer at all, and with a touch of the child-bearer's age-old resentment they complain about the injustice of it all. "We want to shake somebody," says Mitchell, who's just beginning to wonder what she's doing to her body. "I know it's a cliché, but if they can put a man on the moon, why *can't* they do something better about birth control?" In particular, women's anger is directed against pill manufacturers, who have been slow to commit money to pill research and even slower to publicize unpleasant results, against doctors, some of whom still prescribe the pill like cough syrup and many of whom rarely take time for explanations, against men in general, who reap the pill's benefits without the risks, no matter how much they may worry and wish it were otherwise.

What's a woman to do? She must, it seems, keep right on making the best of a bad lot. Says Kinch cautiously: "One of our anxieties about the new warning is that not all physicians will have the time to read and fully alert their patients." It evidently is up to the individual to go beyond scavenging bits of information from the media and ill-informed friends. She must demand that her doctor, no matter how harried, help her relate the latest pros and cons in the pill controversy to her unique priorities. Only then should she gamble. "We balance risks all our lives," concludes Bumpass. "Crossing the street. Flying in planes. The pill is part of that aspect of life." As for Helen Peterson, she has arrived at the same conclusion that was thrust upon her 12 years ago. "Yes, I still worry," she says, speaking for a whole generation. "But for me the pill is still the best answer there is."



Some types of Pill were phased out about two years ago when federal government testing established possible side effects

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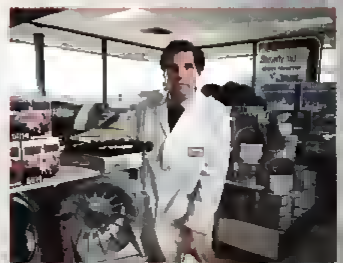
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The World

How Jimmy Carter learned not to love The Bomb

It was a decision as controversial as the neutron bomb itself. Hardly had President Jimmy Carter ended his statement postponing "the ultimate decision" on production until the Soviet Union had shown whether it would restrain its growing conventional and nuclear might than one of his closest advisers was exclaiming. "The President has put a monkey on the Russians' back." Almost simultaneously however, another Washington official was telling reporters. "It's the worst piece of work in the 15 months of this administration."

The immediate reaction from the most important quarter, Moscow, was a brief report without comment by the official news agency Tass, which at least left open the question of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance's welcome when he goes to the Soviet Union later this month for further Strategic Arms Limitation (SALT) talks. But the President's on-off-on attitude had gravely strained the Russians' patience, as Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev made clear when criticizing the U.S. "indecision and inconsistency" in a recent speech. It seemed likely, too, that NATO military planners at their Brussels headquarters would have some caustic words to say in private to their U.S. colleagues.

What lay behind the month-long agony of decision which had the President facing in every possible direction—for, against and undecided—was the need to find a position that would take account of growing European grassroots protests—and yet leave the options open. Carter, a supporter of the bomb, had given every indication that he would go ahead with it. But as the emotional and political furor grew, he decided not to give the final go-ahead for production until both Britain and West Germany had asked publicly to have the neutron bomb in the NATO arsenal.

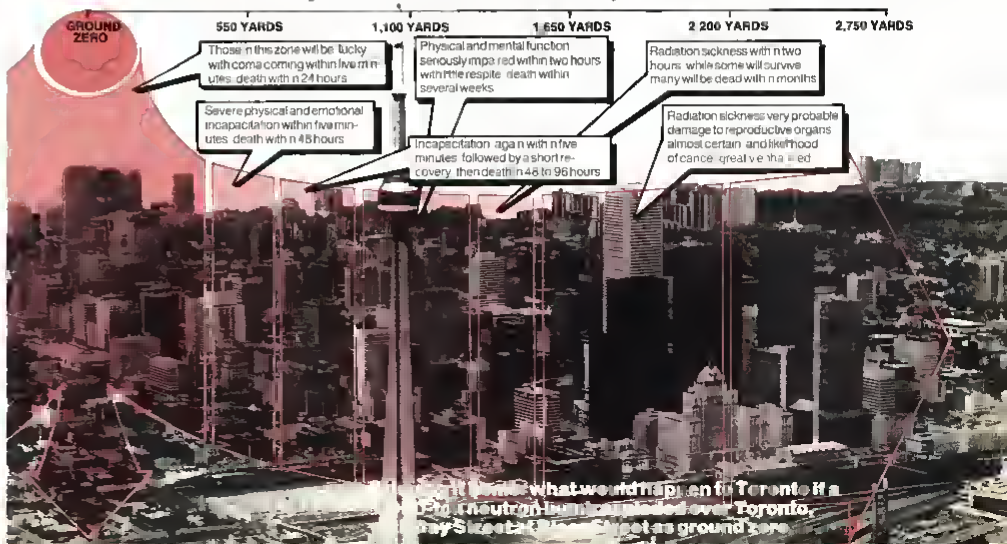
It was a move calculated to take some of the heat away from himself. The trouble was that while the generals wanted it, leading European politicians as well as their voters were divided. Bonn and London could not, despite the pressure from Washington, ignore the clamor at home. But privately, Carter was assured that if the weapons were available, NATO would have them. This wasn't good enough, and, in mid-March, the President told his security advisers that he was going to cancel the project entirely. The decision was made against the strongest advice, and one of the advisers was so appalled that he leaked Carter's switch to the press. By this time, the British and West German leaders had been forced to indicate in a semi-public way that they would like neutron arms. The about-face in Washington left them dangerously exposed politically. Supporters in Congress, too, were furious. So the President, after three days of pressure, changed course again.

The background to the affair is, of course, the unbalanced military state of Europe. The Warsaw Pact forces have 16,000 tanks, a three to one lead, and similarly lopsided advantages in armored infantry carriers and artillery pieces. To blunt the air power on which NATO relies to offset its numerical disadvantage, Russia has fielded a dense thicket of antiaircraft guns and missiles. They have also begun to deploy hundreds of planes designed to attack NATO ground forces. The neutron bomb, supporters claim, could change all that without killing too many civilians.

Critics of the bomb use three principal arguments. In human terms they are horror weapons (see illustration), they are more likely than anything else to draw the world into full-scale nuclear conflict, and politically they make the chance for a new SALT agreement remote.

The current state of feelings in NATO countries is very unsettled. In Canada, which has not yet declared for or against the bomb, Defense Minister Barney Danson said after the Carter announcement he hoped the Soviet Union would respond. The Netherlands parliament has voted not to allow the bomb on its soil. Norway and Denmark are against it. The Belgians and Italians are split in bitter debate. Although West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and British Prime Minister James Callaghan could persuade their cabinets to accept, party unity would be greatly strained and public opinion aroused. Inside the Pentagon, where the generals are appalled that the public ever found out about the new weapon—they wanted to produce and deploy it secretly—they insist that it is not a bomb but "an enhanced radiation device." It is a chilling phrase for a grotesque concept.

The Central Intelligence Agency has estimated that the number of neutron bombs



needed to stop a blitzkrieg would be about 2,000. Such an arsenal would cost well over a billion dollars—more than Canada's entire defense budget. More importantly it would, even with a restricted range, create a carpet of human destruction on an enormous scale. WILLIAM LOWTHER

THE U.K.

Unhappily ever after

As a child she cartwheeled her way down the corridors of Buckingham Palace into the hearts of a Commonwealth. As a young woman of 25 she wrung those hearts when she opted for duty instead of marriage to RAF Group Captain Peter Townsend, a divorcé (the family didn't approve), and this month, 22 years and a failed marriage later, Britain's 47-year-old Princess Margaret was back at the storm centre of controversy. The reason: her companionship with brewery heir and would-be pop singer Roddy Llewellyn, 17 years her junior.

Once again it seemed the Princess was faced with a choice: personal freedom or continuation of her public life as a $100,000-a-year (tax-free) salaried member of the royal family, still a symbol of propriety and custodian of a unique ambassadorial role the world over.

In fact the relationship between the Princess and Llewellyn, son of former Olympic show-jumping gold medalist Harry Llewellyn, goes back some years. The couple has many times holidayed together on the Caribbean island of Mustique. This year, however, Llewellyn was taken ill with internal bleeding and the Princess' visits to his bedside in hospital in the Bahamas drew caustic comments back home.

The criticism came at a particularly sensitive time for Buckingham Palace: the British parliament was about to consider a 10% increase in the civil list, the taxpayers' annual contribution to royal finances which last year stood at five million dollars. But that fact sharpened rather than reduced the acrimony of the exchanges.

These were conducted in public as are all serious debates in British life, mainly in parliament and the correspondence columns of *The Times*, though other branches of the media did their bit as well. In parliament the charge was led by Labor MP Dennis Canavan, who referred to Princess Margaret as a parasite and promptly had to withdraw the epithet. A correspondent to *The Times* said that if the Princess wanted to continue her present mode of life the least she could do was to resign as president of the Girl Guides.

The main thrust of the critics, however, was at the Princess' apparently diminishing value as an asset in the royal public engagements productivity stakes. They pointed out that before her separation from Lord Snowdon the Princess had fulfilled 150 public dates in a year. In 1976 the total dropped to 97, while last year it was only 86. Labor's veteran anti-monarchist Willie Hamilton pointed out that so far this year she had made a mere eight appearances and drawn about $30,000. Not a bad rate for the job, he implied.



One of the few photographs extant that includes both Llewellyn (top left) and Princess Margaret (holding Lady Sarah) was taken at an Edinburgh lawn party in 1975, conjuring memories of Edward VIII

The Church of England entered the controversy in the persons of two bishops. One, Dr. Graham Leonard of Truro, who is chairman of the church's Board for Social Responsibility, told eager Sunday newspaper questioners that the Mustique holiday was foolish and added that the Princess' personal life could not remain a family matter because "what the monarchy does affects society." The other, Southwark's Dr. Mervyn Stockwood, a longtime friend of the Princess, came immediately to her defense. A few days later, amid reports that his intervention had acutely embarrassed the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Donald Coggan (echoes of the church's role in the abdication of King Edward VIII), Bishop Leonard went on the record again to say that what he had really tried to do was to ask for compassion toward the Princess.

Llewellyn, too, was found to be good for a quote, albeit a contradictory one. Returning pale (because of loss of blood) from the Caribbean, he told reporters "I'll go on seeing Princess Margaret where and when I want. I don't care what they say about us." But asked if he was in love with the Princess, he replied that he never answered such questions on principle and "what the royal family decides I will be guided by."

All this built up a fine head of steam as the week of decision (on the royal pay increase) dawned, and there was no slackening in the dramatic buildup. The Queen was reported to have told her sister firmly that she must give up Llewellyn or royal status, and Prime Minister James Callaghan, so the speculation went, was raising the question at an audience. Princess Margaret with a severe case of diplomatic flu mused the confirmation by Dr. Coggan of her daughter, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, and three other royal children.

The public, meanwhile, was being sounded by independent (i.e., commercial) television. According to a TV poll, 73% thought the Princess had "harmed her standing" and 57% thought she should choose between her job and Roddy. But when it came to what she should choose, 64% thought she should pick her "personal happiness." The main point to emerge from the poll seemed to be that the man and woman in the street were still almost as fond of their unlucky princess as ever. Meanwhile, the palace let it be known discreetly that Margaret would be continuing her public role when she had recovered her health, and there was no mention, officially at least, of Roddy. As for the royal pay raise, it went through. IAN MATHER

SOMALIA

The vultures are circling

The fighting in the disputed Ogaden region of Ethiopia resulted recently in the massive defeat of the Somali invaders by Russian-led Ethiopian and Cuban forces. Now another struggle is on—between the Russians and the United States—for the loyalty of a Somali government embittered by the failure of the United States to come to its aid. *Maclean's* correspondent Georga Somerwill filed this exclusive report.

As Somalia absorbs the reality of defeat, the capital, Mogadishu, is rife with rumors and the government is bitter over what it feels was a Western betrayal in the face of massive Russian and Cuban attacks. Add the problem that during seven months of hostilities the price of staple food, along with everything else, has climbed through

Siad Barre: waiting till both sides ante up



Let's say Sadat's biography is not a book you can't put down

Column by David North



In theory, books by famous international politicians should make riveting reading. At last, thinks the ever hopeful man in the street, the inside story, the truth—unfiltered by diplomatic niceties, unvarnished by TV or other journalistic gloss. It would be nice if it were so, but it isn't. The motives that drive politicians to autobiography or to memoir are mostly such well-worn lovable human qualities as self-advertisement, self-justification and self-interest.

What's worse, since politicians are not noticeably better endowed with literary talent than others, such books are usually expressed with what, for want of a better term, one might describe as ghost writer's cramp—the inability to conjure up a spirited phrase or two. Thus bombshell becomes bromide. Sample: "After a snatched breakfast I confronted the President and told him we would cut off his oil unless..." is transmuted into "Our thoughtful host had provided kippers (my favorite) for breakfast, so our discussions thereafter tended to be friendly, if frank."

The latest to venture into these fishy waters is Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, you know, the man who sometimes helps Barbara Walters out with the news. And if this is thought to be an offensively irreverent view, let me hastily say that I have the utmost respect for Sadat as a man who comes very close to being the ideal example of the American Dream, having made it from village peasant's son to president. He is also a devout Muslim and devoted family man.

These qualities, however, do not qualify him to write his autobiography.* What might do so would be a desire really to add to our knowledge of himself and the momentous events that he has helped to mold in the Middle East.

What we get in this book is rather less, on the whole, than one might hope to glean from thoughtful reading of newspapers and magazines and a book or two. We are allowed to glimpse Sadat the Schoolboy, Sadat the Subverter (of British rule through the corrupt figure of King Farouk), Sadat the Trusted Lieutenant (of his predecessor Gamal Abdel Nasser) and Sadat the Successful Scourge (of the two-timing Russians, the Reds under Egypt's beds, the Israelis and War Itself). There is scarcely a word to give only two examples about the crushing poverty of most Egyptians or the ruthless suppression by Sadat of basic freedoms (though some of this can be read between the lines in his references to the various plots against him).

To say this, however, is not to imply a lack of sincerity on Sadat's part, merely that his motives for writing this book are not the same as those of the public for wanting to read it: a desire to find out what really is happening. What Sadat is trying to do is carry his TV and personal offensive on world opinion a stage further to cancel out the enormous propaganda advantage that his Israeli foes have so far enjoyed. In doing so he is promoting his own and the Egyptian cause—not autobiography as an art form nor necessarily the plain truth.

In this respect Sadat's book is very like that written by former Israeli prime minister Golda Meir and a dozen others. Such excursions into print are not literature, nor are they serious attempts to analyze the world's problems and offer solutions. Perhaps it is foolish to persist in the hope that they might be

* *In Search Of Identity* by *Anwar Sadat (Fitzhenry and Whiteside $15.95)*

the roof in this the most heavily taxed country in Africa and you have all the ingredients of a tense situation

Not that it shows too much The nightclubs are still open and the smarter hotels the Al-Aruba and the Juba, are still full of Mogadishu's very active, tea-drinking middle class Elsewhere, however, the signs of strain are not hard to see There are large numbers of walking wounded in Mogadishu, indicating that Somali casualties were high during their hasty but orderly retreat (the two main hospitals in the town claim they are still unable to take non-urgent civilian cases) And it is rumored that junior and middle-ranking officers are restless and demanding changes in the military hierarchy This may explain why all the defeated Somali units are being kept well to the north of the capital The government of Mohammed Siad Barre, having itself come to power in a military coup in October 1969, has no intention of relinquishing it in the same way

Around the offices of the two main liberation fronts themselves the WSLF and the Somali Abo Liberation Front (SALF), the atmosphere is also one of disenchantment In one a powerful Russian-built two-way radio lies silent In the heady days at the end of 1977 news of each advance over the trackless Ogaden wastes was reported over it Now the duty operator waits for a call which never comes from the liberation forces scattered in retreat "This is not a good time for you to come and see us," says Mahmoud Abdoulaye Hassan, acting WSLF secretary-general "The people of Western Somalia cannot be expected to fight the Russians particularly when they have been betrayed by the West Take your own Radio Canada for example, when I return home at night and listen in, I think that these people must be broadcasting on behalf of the Ethiopian government."

In government circles, however, the focus of attention has moved away from the retreat to plans for the future Within hours of the Somali announcement of withdrawal there were hints in Mogadishu that the Russians shortly would be returning in force A Soviet embassy spokesman, behind his barbed wire fences and padlocked gates, refused to comment But a rapid blast of Western political activity suggests the rumors may be true A brief visit by Milos Minic Yugoslav vice-president and foreign minister came less than 24 hours after Minic's boss President Tito had returned from Washington Minic was followed closely by Richard Moose, U S assistant secretary of state for Africa Conversations with members of each delegation revealed that the United States, using the good offices of Yugoslavia, is encouraging the emergence of Somalia as a nonaligned country along Yugoslav lines



A Somalian soldier on the Ogaden (above) and recruits training with 'rifles' that look suspiciously like chunks of wood In Big Power chess, a pawn to be sacrificed

Nonalignment or the Russians? In the end it is the Somali government itself that has to decide and President Siad Barre, a veteran diplomatic poker player, could play it either way The conservative Arab states and the West, desperate to counter Russian hegemony in Ethiopia, may be prepared to provide not only weapons but funds to complete development projects abandoned when the Russians were sent packing last year

But the Soviet Union can offer all these things and something more intercession with the Ethiopians on behalf of the fate of the Somali-speaking population of the Ogaden Reoccupation of the Ogaden by the Ethiopians was followed by Somali claims that its kinsmen in the disputed region were being massacred The Russians could easily put a stop to that sort of thing and also have the muscle to stage-manage a lasting political solution to the problem



People



Thor: eat your heart out, Mick Jagger

In the movie *Phantom Of The Paradise*, Paul Williams creates a muscle-bound rock sensation called Beef—and it's supposed to be a joke In real life a couple of Toronto entrepreneurs named Willi Morrison and Ian Guenther have created a would-be sensation named **Thor** and it ain't no joke Thor, alias **John Mikl**, is built like Steve Reeves (and by some reports sings like him), has one album—*Keep The Dogs Awa*—to his credit and is off on a U S tour as a headline act The act includes a number wherein Thor bends the microphone stand around his guitarist's neck (that sounds like fun!) and another where a huge block of concrete is placed on his chest—he's chained to a torture rack at the time—and broken up with a jackhammer Mikl Vancouver-born, has been body-building for 14 of his 24 years, emulating an older brother and the comic book superheroes who turned him on when he was 10

The old saying about prophets not being without honor, save in their own lands, could also be applied to at least one sculptor, **John McCombe Reynolds** A couple of months ago External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson presented Reynolds' bronze bust of Norman Bethune to China's Premier Hua Even more recently he was approached by the Rodin Museum in Paris about showing a collection of 40 bronzes he has stored in England (where for a time, he shared the Basingstoke foundry with people like Henry Moore) Then in early April he was invited to join the Royal Society of British Sculptors, the first Canadian ever to be selected Needless to say, of course, not one major gallery in Canada has ever bought a piece of his work—but then he's only been sculpting for 45 years

Of all the delightful oddballs that grace contemporary Canadian society none is more delightful than **Uncle Ben Ginter** the western brewery owner whose schemes in the past have included taping dimes to the bottom of his beer cans to undercut competition, and offering to trade shares in his company for the return of the caps on his beer bottles A couple of years ago his multimillion empire dwindled into receivership but if anybody thought he'd heard the last of Uncle Ben he was wrong He's since retrieved one of his breweries in Red Deer Alberta which he is currently in the process of giving away Ginter is offering the 2 5 million shares on a first-come first-served basis (Limit five shares per family Stipulation no cashing-in for two years) Why? He just doesn't want to make any more money "There's a difference between the needy and the greedy I want to work for the people who need help" Besides "When I die I might as well have had the satisfaction of giving away some of my wealth instead of letting the government take it then."



Ginter on his own label: one man who knows how much is enough

Of the millions of words written about **Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis** no combination has yet explained what makes her (arguably) the most fascinating woman in the world Never mind the men she's married—they are far more likely to be a result of her personal magnetism rather than a contributing cause They don't explain how she dominates every situation she's in, or how just like that, she could take columnist Pete Hamill away from somebody like Shirley MacLaine If there is an answer it should be available soon **Stephen Birmingham**, the excellent author of *Our Crowd* and *Real Lace America's Irish Rich* has written a 100 000 word psycho-history of Jackie O (Without any help from her or the Kennedy and Onassis families of course) Among the revelations is that she married Onassis (a) because she was lonely (b) because she wanted somebody wealthier than the Kennedys and (c) because she actually liked him—at first. Incidentally when Birmingham was at Williams College and Jackie at Vassar they once had a blind date together

Onassis, why is this woman laughing?



Business

Canada's loss is Florida's gain—in some ways

The sign nestled among the brightly colored poolside umbrellas along a Florida strip of resort motels bid a special welcome to Quebeckers: BIENVENU CANADIENS, it beckoned. ON PARLE FRANÇAIS. And if French Canadians—or any other Canadians—needed any further encouragement to spend their money in the Sunshine State, there was always the sight of the Canadian flag flying companionably alongside its American counterpart, heralding what Americans this year are describing as an unprecedented boom in Canadian investment in Florida real estate, banking, tourism and land development. Reaching into the millions of dollars, the investments are being made by syndicates—such as the Royal Trust Company and Cadillac-Fairview—and by individuals. They are being viewed on both sides of the border as a direct response to political and economic instability in Canada.

While it's true that Florida has always been a vacation spot and a prime investment area for Canadians, the fresh infusion of Canadian money into the state is on a scale large enough to stir some local resentment over the pressure on real estate prices and to attract front-page attention in both the *Miami Herald* and *The New York Times*. "There are no bargains left," lamented one Canadian businessman, while a Miami business consultant warned that the pace would not slow down unless the Canadian government imposed foreign exchange controls—a move said Finance Minister Jean Chrétien that Ottawa is not considering. Chrétien also maintained that it is impossible to tell just how much money is slipping out of Canada, although some estimate it's close to three billion dollars, much of it headed for Florida. Moreover, business analysts were unsure how much of the foreign investment boom could be attributed to concerns about the falling dollar and the future of Quebec.

A recent foreign investment study conducted by Dr. Mira Wilkins at Florida International University showed several major Canadian land development projects under way in the state, including the Villages of Homestead, a one-billion-dollar planned community for 40,000 people on 3,175 acres south of Miami. The project is controlled by Markborough Properties Limited, a Toronto firm, financed by the Bank of Montreal and Wimpey Developments Inc. of Toronto is responsible for the site contracting. The study lists 45 Canadian-controlled firms involved in Florida land development and another 17 firms in which Canadians have partnerships.

While most Floridians have welcomed the Canadian investors, there have been signs of bitterness in the resort community of Hollywood, just north of Miami, where local businessmen claim overeager Canadians are pushing property values up 20% beyond their realistic levels. Bob Potenziani of the Orlando Chamber of Commerce complained: "They buy a motel, sell it for a quick buck six months later and don't put any money into it for maintenance or upkeep."

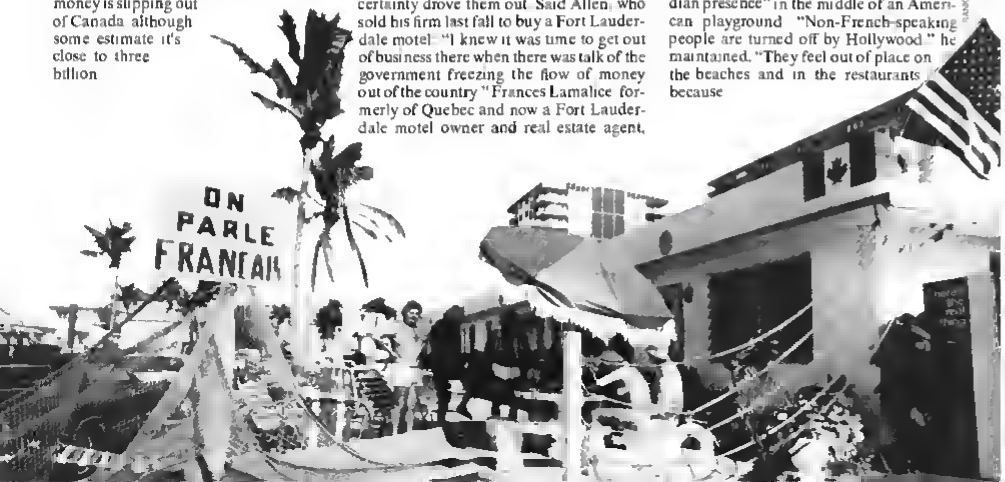
While some Montreal investors proclaim no loss of confidence in a failing Canadian economy—simply a desire to make more money, anywhere—others, such as John Allen, former head of a Montreal trucking business, acknowledge that uncertainty drove them out. Said Allen, who sold his firm last fall to buy a Fort Lauderdale motel: "I knew it was time to get out of business there when there was talk of the government freezing the flow of money out of the country." Frances Lamalice, formerly of Quebec and now a Fort Lauderdale motel owner and real estate agent, says she knows about 12 Canadians looking for properties with a minimum investment of $100,000 down.

One rather nasty side effect of the Canadian investment boom has been the claim of chamber of commerce representative Potenziani that residents of Hollywood have become resentful of a "French-Canadian presence" in the middle of an American playground. "Non-French-speaking people are turned off by Hollywood," he maintained. "They feel out of place on the beaches and in the restaurants because they can't speak French." But most French Canadians feel right at home (one Atlantic coast town has an annual French-Canadian day in March) and there is no sign that investments are about to fall off. In fact, the gossip around Florida business communities is that if you want to sell a property quickly, just put a sky-high price tag on it—and hold your breath until an anxious Canadian arrives to buy it.



TOM HILL

Frances Lamalice at her newly purchased Fort Lauderdale motel (above) and some 'Canadian Presence' at Pompano Beach (bottom): sun, sand, sun and security



TOM HILL / NEW YORK TIMES

NEW YORK

Still a pretty safe bet

Canada went to the market last month and its offering brought the asking price. But the federal government's $750-million bond issue in New York should not be interpreted as a vote of confidence in Ottawa politics or Confederation prospects. Rather, it reflects a calculated backing of geographical reality. Wall Street apparently decided that even if Quebec separates and even if the western provinces vote to join the United States, Canada's real estate and natural resources will always stand good for the debts. No one would say it for attribution, but the bottom-line reasoning of the big investors (insurance companies, banks and pension funds) went like this: Our money is safe because no matter what happens in Ottawa, the United States will ensure and if necessary enforce a continuing capitalist economy for its mammoth northern neighbor.

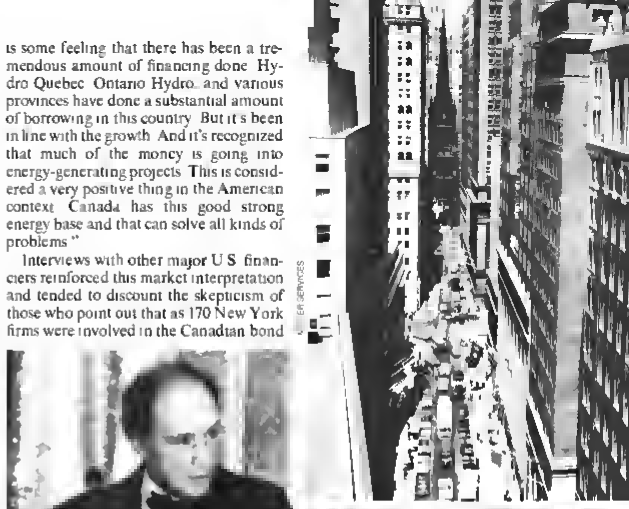
Later, after Canada had been weighed and found not wanting, the brokers and the bankers reflected on their success over lamb chops and spinach in a dark paneled private dining room on the thirtieth floor of a New York skyscraper. There, in the offices of Morgan Stanley and Co.—managing underwriters for the bond issue—the experts interpreted the market reaction to a country in trouble.

Peter T. Cook, vice-president of the syndicate department, explained how the company had sold the bonds. "We discussed the Quebec situation with underwriters and with institutions and we emphasized that the objectives of the Parti Québécois, while they were to achieve political sovereignty, were also to maintain economic ties with the balance of Canada. I think it's a fair conclusion to state that the market was not overly concerned about either the prospect of Quebec becoming independent or its economic effect on Canada's ability to meet its obligations."

The significance of this view, from Wall Street wizards who back their judgment with millions, may be that René Lévesque and his policies have far less influence abroad than he is given credit for at home.

Bruce R. Bockmann, managing director at Morgan Stanley, took up the story. "The market finds Quebec an interesting subject. But in the discussions I've had no one suggested any possible breakup of Canada. ... The feeling here is that Canada is an entity." He added, "I think that the market feels very positively about Canada. There is some feeling that there has been a tremendous amount of financing done. Hydro Quebec, Ontario Hydro, and various provinces have done a substantial amount of borrowing in this country. But it's been in line with the growth. And it's recognized that much of the money is going into energy-generating projects. This is considered a very positive thing in the American context. Canada has this good strong energy base and that can solve all kinds of problems."

Interviews with other major U.S. financiers reinforced this market interpretation and tended to discount the skepticism of those who point out that as 170 New York firms were involved in the Canadian bond sale it is obviously hard to find anyone on Wall Street with anything but a positive view of the country. Of course, the sale record is the best guide.





Trudeau pitching Canada on Wall Street, and (top) the street itself: somebody down there likes us, at least for now

Canada needed to borrow $750 million to add to official reserves to help finance the current-account deficit in balance of payments. The money was raised in New York by selling three $250-million bond issues maturing in five years, 7½ years and 20 years. Interest was fixed at 8%, 8.2% and 8¼% respectively, rates higher than those U.S. treasury bonds of similar maturity would have carried.

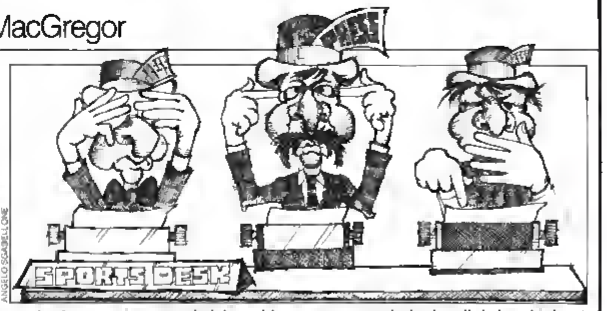
Even so, it was not a bad deal for the federal government. Nearly any other foreign country would have had to pay quite a bit more than that to attract American investors during these times of high inflation. About 95% of all the bonds were sold in the first hours of trading. But when a few days later the brokers removed price restrictions, the bonds fell sharply. Devaluation ranged between 75 cents and a dollar, caused mainly by bad inflation news on the U.S. front. Nevertheless, U.S. lending institutions now are keeping a wary eye on Ottawa and its debts. Canada borrowed $4.6 billion abroad in 1975, $9.2 billion in 1976 and $8.5 billion in 1977. Last year, Canada borrowed more than West Germany, Britain and France put together.

In the heady Wall Street world they reject the analogy, but there is a growing concern that the Canadian dollar is being hocked to foreign creditors and the concern could become a worry if Ottawa carries on borrowing.

WILLIAM LOWTHER

'And now here's the sports news (except for anything that would offend anybody)'

Sports column by Roy MacGregor



When this year's National Newspaper Awards were given out on April 8 there was one moment that should have been of particular interest to the very chummy, very tight little world of Canadian sports. Ironically it had nothing to do with the award that went to the Montreal *Gazette*'s Brodie Snyder and Dick Bacon for sports-writing. No sir, this moment was nothing to cheer about. It happened when *The Globe and Mail*'s Lawrence Martin received a citation for his superb investigative reporting on the RCMP, and while it's unlikely any of the sports establishment bothered to feel sweaty around the open-neck collar, mention should be made that it is not so very long since that same long pencil of a reporter was trying to tell certain truths about sports—and receiving anything but citations in return. A Martin story that once took hockey player Dave Keon to task for being into his cups and embarrassing on an airplane got a typical sports response: a hard slap in the face.

What Lawrence Martin had done was trespass into sports' no-comment land. While "Full Disclosure" becomes a catch-word for truth in other fields, particularly post-Watergate politics, the same phrase in sports so far relates only to whether or not women reporters should have access to team dressing rooms. And while front pages fill up with Mountie horrors and cabinet indiscretions, the sports section—labeled "Toyland" by ex-sportswriter Dick Beddoes of *The Globe*—remains as non-toxic as is safe for children's diets.

Here then, for the benefit of head-scratching and bar-guessing, are a number of unreported "inside" stories that filtered around various Canadian press boxes over the past months: (1) An all-star hockey player undergoes shock treatment for depression. (2) A team leads a foreign-born hockey player to a psychiatrist to try to discover what's twisting around under his helmet. (3) One of hockey's gentlest souls proves he's no Lady Byng candidate by beating up his wife. (4) An eyebrow-raising trade is somehow connected to a player's difficulty with drugs. (5) A player misses several games due to a cut brought about by his wife's carelessness with a butcher knife. (6) A former NHL star lives in poverty near Detroit, his drinking money provided by a fund set up by concerned individuals and controlled by a local businessman.

It is far less important whether or not these stories are true than it is whether or not they were ever checked out. The Hear/See/Say-Nothing syndrome of too much of sportswriting is so hidebound by its long tradition that sports—whether seen as a game or entertainment or for what it is: business—has fallen far behind the critical and investigative work being done in other fields. The only bad news about players' personalities usually comes fully *endorsed*, as in the case of the publicity over Derek Sanderson's drinking.

The reasons for this state of affairs are many. One is simple conflict of interest. When game announcers are also on team payrolls—as is often the case with Canadian major league baseball—their objectivity (rightly or not) is instantly suspect. There are also the completely innocent "gifts"—the television sets Maple Leaf Gardens used to give out, the pocket calculators the Vancouver Canucks distributed in the press box one Christmas, the free tickets.

We must also not forget that in many cases the child still has a throat-hold on the adult, and no matter how many truths certain writers come across the athlete forever remains an unsullied ideal. Like an army of typing Walt Disneys, some writers believe it is their mandate to protect the fantasies of childhood as well as to file the scores. New York's infamous *Screw* magazine once made the mistake of trying to commission a Canadian hockey writer to rank the "sticks" of professional hockey players, and though the money was good and a list was drawn up for colleagues' eyes only, the article never did appear. But the fact remains that many sports journalists are still in awe of their former heroes. I remember standing beside *The Toronto Sun*'s Trent Frayne—a past National Newspaper Award winner and perhaps the finest example we have of sports integrity—as we listened to the introduction of Joe DiMaggio at last year's baseball all-star game in New York. When the press conference was over more pads came out than were put away: all of them waving for DiMaggio's autograph. It left Frayne leaning against the back wall, shaking his head. "Isn't that just about the most disgusting display you ever saw?" he said. And it was.

But by far the most important "softening" aspect is intimidation. It's impossible not to have sympathy for the hard-working sportswriter whose "beat" is a particular team. He travels in the same planes and sleeps in the same hotels and never has the luxury of the magazine writer who can, if necessary, never see his subject again. For there is every reason to fear repercussions similar to the slap Martin felt for the Keon story. *The Globe*'s Scott Young was once banned from even setting foot in Maple Leaf Gardens for his criticisms of the Leafs. Don Ramsay, *The Globe*'s excellent "hard" reporter has several times been called upon to defend his stories. Earl McRae—the best magazine sportswriter and arguably sports best investigative journalist—has been threatened on numerous occasions. I was standing with him during the introduction of the 1976 Canada Cup team when Bobby Hull came up, grabbed McRae by the arm and quickly whispered, "You'd better get out of here—if Phil Esposito sees you there's no telling what he'll do." Yet hearing that was actually calming compared to a phone call McRae says he once received from a big-name footballer, a call that ended with these peaceful words: "You better prepare to meet your maker, son." Athletes it must be recognized are not paunchy politicians with thick eyeglasses; often their sole response is violence.

But unfortunately for those who would like one day to see sports covered with the same diligence as other affairs of the day, there are not many sportswriters with the convictions of a McRae or a Ramsay. And each time a reporter with the monstrous talent of a Lawrence Martin leaves the frustrations of sports journalism for what he invariably ends up calling "The Real World," the sports pages are much the poorer for it. We need more of his kind.



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Behavior

Mind games

When Dave Lemanczyk pitched the Toronto Blue Jays to an impressive 4-0 victory over the Montreal Expos on Easter weekend only two people—Lemanczyk and a retired psychologist in California—knew what was taking place on the Florida pitching mound. When the fans looked out over their bifocals they saw only a bow-legged giant with a stare that could chill beer. Behind those eyes though a surf was crashing. In the second inning when a Toronto player botched an easy out Lemanczyk simply said "wave" to himself and let the disaster wash away whereas once it probably would have driven him to the showers where he'd have ripped up his hat and uniform or even—as he once did—taken a bat to his car for some costly personalized bodywork. But not now. As the Montreal batters came and went Lemanczyk simply relaxed by his inner sea. And why not? He'd already seen the game pitch for pitch in his mind as he sat earlier with his eyes closed in the trainer's room and he had won easily then, as well.

What Lemanczyk—who at press time was scheduled to pitch the Blue Jays' season opener—was doing was "centring," a process of absolute concentration developed by Dr. Bruce Ogilvie, a 58-year-old Canadian-born psychologist who lives in San Jose, California. This is Ogilvie's second season with the Blue Jays—his first working with Lemanczyk—and it marks his twenty-eighth year of working with thousands of athletes in dozens of sports. But it is pitchers like Lemanczyk who probably stand to gain the most from centring as they are often seen as the athletes under the greatest amount of stress. Not only do they take the brunt of both blame and praise, but they, unlike other athletes, have control over game time as well. Says Lemanczyk: "As long as it's in my hand it can't be out of my hands." And the tensions brought on by that much power are the main target for Ogilvie's centring, a technique that seems to ride a thin line between self-hypnosis and transcendental meditation.

Unlike other self-aids however this one comes free of charge. Ogilvie, a gentle man who retired last fall from San Jose State University, demands only that his expenses be met, and that anything he does "must *not* be equated with winning. My job is simply to help the human being express whatever potential is there."

Not often are the problems as simple as Lemanczyk's. Ogilvie once spent two complete years working with Mike Ivie, then a promising young catcher with the San Diego Padres. So badly had a cruel coach traumatized the youngster that Ivie became incapable of even throwing the ball back to the pitcher: he would only roll it back, which was not overly effective in throwing out base runners. Fortunately, Ogilvie eventually cured him of his phobia. Other disturbed athletes are often "mailed" to Ogilvie until he picks them up at the airport for three days of extensive treatment. "After one of those sessions," he confesses, "I usually need three days myself just to curl up and suck my thumb."

What he has discovered over those 28 years is that the true stories of great athletes are never to be found on the backs of bubble gum cards. With certain exceptions those perceived as gods by a fawning public have all the frailties of the rest of us. "Most young athletes are standing in a pot of oatmeal, where everything is uncertain," Ogilvie says. "They're under enormous pressure." And it is heartening somewhat to know that their greatest problem area is the most human of all—sex. "Conflictual relationships with women have ruined far more careers than any injury," he maintains. Nor is the aging male athlete's worst fear being cut from the team. It is dealing with the ultimate slump: impotence.

And just as the impotent athlete cannot see that his problem is simply a symptom of being himself at his age, many athletes of all ages cannot perceive that their playing troubles come entirely from within. In desperate times they will try anything that promises quick aid: born-again Christianity and astrology being current favorites. "If you hang the worship of coconuts over their heads and an authoritative voice says coconuts work, then they'll worship coconuts," says Ogilvie.

Some it might be said are even willing to dabble in the revolutionary techniques of sports psychology, a small study area in North America, particularly when compared with the sophisticated work being done in Europe and the Soviet Union. Since Ogilvie came to the Blue Jays he has worked with one player, pitcher Butch Edge, whose mother committed suicide and another obsessed with the idea that his wife was fooling around on him. For the most part though the work has been with psychologically untroubled men like Lemanczyk who are looking for genuine help—and seem satisfied with the results. "Some of us said we'd try it and see if it worked," Lemanczyk says. "We figured we couldn't be any worse off than if we'd never met him. But he's helped me a lot." He doesn't rip places apart any more, for one thing.

ROY MACGREGOR





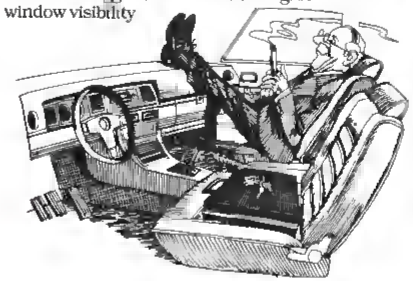
Lemanczyk throwing (right) and Ogilvie in conversation with maybe-someday Blue Jay Butch Edge: fear doesn't always strike out

PHOTOGRAPHER: ERIC HAMILTON

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Lifestyles

How to talk stupid and influence people



I was only conceptualizing the dynamics of our hostility interface Harry I didn t know it was loaded

It came to Archimedes in his bath but Boston writer Richard D Rosen was in a bar when the insight loomed before him large as the proverbial pink elephant. The young lady drinking with him set it off. "I've really been getting in touch with myself lately," she confided. "I've struck some really deep chords." Rosen recognized the jargon as would anyone who's watched television—especially the late night talk shows—listened to pop music or even taken a ride on the bus lately. But it dawned on Rosen that her words were nothing more than "psychobabble"—hippie argot laced with psychiatric terms to give the impression of weight and meaning. In that instant Rosen isolated the verbal atrocity that's been festering for a decade and making even those most staunchly opposed to corruption of the language unconscious users of its glib facile phrases.

Rosen didn't shout "Eureka!" but he did bring out a book late last year called *Psychobabble: Fast Talk And Quick Cure In The Era Of Feeling* which is being bought in quantities large enough to suggest that Canadians too are looking for an antidote. Psychobabble used to be imported from California but it's now being manufactured here by people like folk singer Dan Hill whose songs brought him honors at the Juno Awards in March but reap nothing but scorn from Homer Hogan professor of English at the University of Guelph. Hogan who has kept an eye on Hill as part of Operation Lingo his campaign against the abuse of English observes that "Dan is a psychobabbler in the tradition of Rod McKuen." Some professional people think it's almost too late for the language one linguist has called psychobabble "the latest victory of dehumanization over us all" while others deem it the harbinger of the "Newspeak" anticipated by George Orwell in his novel *1984*.

Psychobabblers would merely groan at these criticisms. "Don't lay value judgments on me man don't mess with my head." The response of academics does seem a trifle out of proportion to what seems like just another species of slang. Psychobabble after all is gobbledygook's hip younger brother and no more ridiculous than a lot of the professional jargon that's become part of the language. We all use hop talk (which gave us "the Big Apple") jock talk ("Are you a Winner or Loser in the Game of Life?") space talk ("All systems go Gladys") and the various cues of ghetto slang gay jargon and entertainmentese darlings that seep in and enrich the vocabulary.

Certainly there's nothing new in using technical jargon to bully the uninitiated or to achieve prestige. Back in the Twenties middle-brows larded their conversations with psychiatric terms to prove they were wealthy or dotty enough to have come within couch's length of analysis. Since then psychiatry and its special terms have been democratized. Anyone who has a complaisant friend can play doctor-analyst and freely diagnose conditions ranging from acute anxiety to schizophrenia: there is no more fear in the land there is only paranoia nor are there moody people only manic depressives. All that jargon doesn't do any real psychological harm says Dr. Stanley Freeman staff psychiatrist at Toronto's Clarke Institute but it is dangerous because of the "anti-intellectual anti-critical woolly-headed thinking that it's loosed on the continent."

Psychobabble has come a long way since it was a tribal language born out of the "interface" (meeting) of the drug experience and its slang with the social protest move-

All you need is self-actualization

See Dick. See Jane. See Dick so concerned with the _____(A)_____ of his life force that Jane is _____(B)_____ the _____(C)_____ of their interpersonal relations.

Select any word from each of the three columns to make a sentence that's into the same head space psychobabble was.

A	B	C
meaningfulness	doing a number on	supportiveness
relevance	verbalizing about	psychic energy
dynamics	interfacing with	parameters
conceptualization	making value judgments on	inner rhythms
celebrating	uptight about	real-life experience

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ment of the Sixties After the failure of social reform the revolution turned inward and spawned the greatest era ever for "getting your head together" The same silent majority that rejected the political revolution turned on and dropped in to the self-help movement by the millions The message came to them in the form of hundreds of jargon-filled paperbacks such as the hugely successful *I'm OK—You're OK* by



Rosen It's about those negative vibes

Thomas A Harris Roy Hiscox, president of Barrdawn Sales in Toronto, says those books have taken the place once occupied by romances and mysteries "They outsell anything but a blockbuster novel by somebody like Arthur Hailey"

One of the most recent self-help books, Harold C Lyon Jr's *Tenderness Is Strength* features a foreword by another psychobabbling folk singer, John Denver The book leaks psychobabble right from the acknowledgments in which Lyon gives thanks "for the space (you have) helped create and open in me and in my continually transforming life" That could be a mash note to Lyon's gardener, but in fact it's only a bit of back scratching within the psychobabble industry He's thanking former car salesman Jack Rosenberg now better known as Werner Erhard founder of *est*

To George Woodcock Canada's foremost literary authority psychobabble represents nothing less than "a collapse of the language and of the power to think clearly" The increase of obfuscating jargon has been going on for 30 to 40 years he notes "but this is the final stage where TV and advertisements disseminate it to the entire community" Woodcock points optimistically to the regeneration of the English language following periods of stultification in both the late 18th and early 20th centuries It has happened before it may happen again In the meantime, the vibes are so bad they could drive a man to interface with drink **KASPARS DZEGUZE**

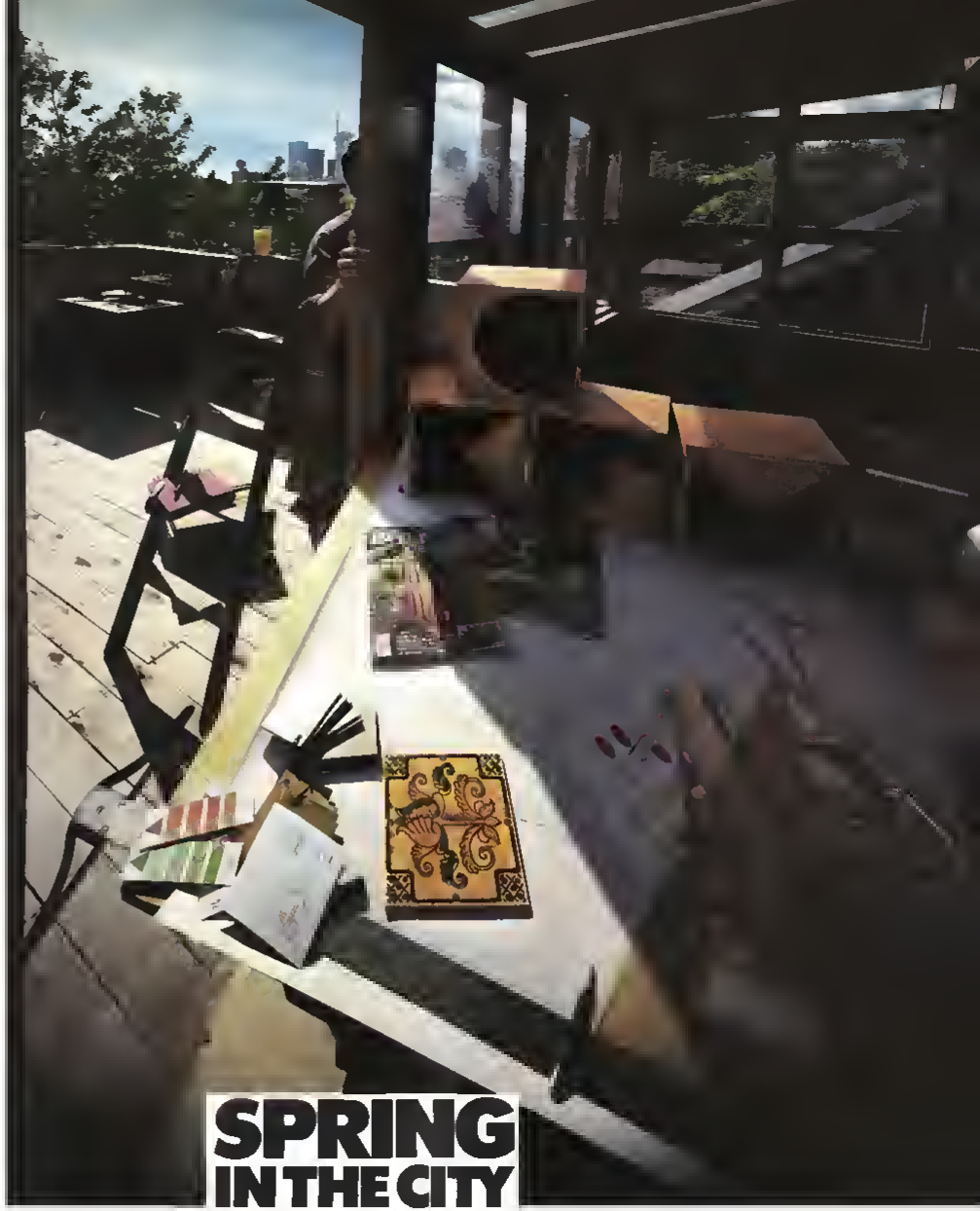
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Music

The house that Mick built





That tacky old neon sign (above), Jagger (right) and Junior Walker in concert (below): where the elite meet to consider the beat



The El Mocambo doesn't look much different than it did as a college hangout. There's the usual cigarette smoke, outdated movie posters and contingent of huge bouncers. The familiar neon palms still hang out over the sidewalk but beneath them many nights now is a lineup that snakes down past the car wash. Before March, 1977, the Spadina Avenue tavern was undistinguished just another nightclub that booked Canadian country or blues bands into a crowded downstairs bar and imported "name" acts to draw people past a cover charge to the larger room upstairs. But March brought the Rolling Stones, and the Rolling Stones brought Margaret Trudeau and her camera—as well as an impressive chunk of British, American and Canadian reporters to bear witness to the Stones' first club date since 1964. Toronto's rock 'n' rollers may have been disbelieving—as if a younger brother or sister had become famous overnight—but they couldn't deny that the El Mocambo had become Canada's rock music shrine.

Since then, the nightclub has joined the ranks of showcase clubs like New York's Bottom Line and the Roxy in Los Angeles. It is now the prime performance spot sought out by acts—domestic and international, new and old—going after the Canadian music market. Mike Baird, co-owner of the club, says he's just beginning to discover what an engagement at the El Mocambo has come to mean to rock musicians. In February, the manager of Average White Band, the top Scottish concert attraction, telephoned the club to petition for a few nights' sweaty contact with the El Mocambo audience. Punk rocker Elvis Costello's Canadian debut last month confirmed the nightclub's new status. Fans (and those just curious to see the punk Woody Allen in action) began to line up for the 300-seat show at one in the afternoon. Costello played just one set but with rock 'n' roll station CHUM-FM broadcasting his raw sound. "Live from the El Mocambo" he had a tremendous impact. "He played the Mocambo because we weren't sure how he'd do in concert," explains Bill Bannon, promotion director for CBS Records Canada. "Besides, it's good exposure. The club has been world famous since the Stones." Words like those sound good to David Bluestein, president of The Agency, which books about 130 acts for the club each year. He says the Rolling Stones were an unexpected windfall, but his agency has worked hard to consolidate that success by negotiating performance deals like Costello's with record companies, American booking agencies and radio stations.

Some of the old regulars think the Mocambo's new prominence is a sign of moral decay: what with long lineups, increased cover charges (up to seven dollars for some one-set "concert" attractions) and what they call the trendiness of many of the new patrons. "The whole place has gone AM,"

The Special, Private World of Bedford Glen

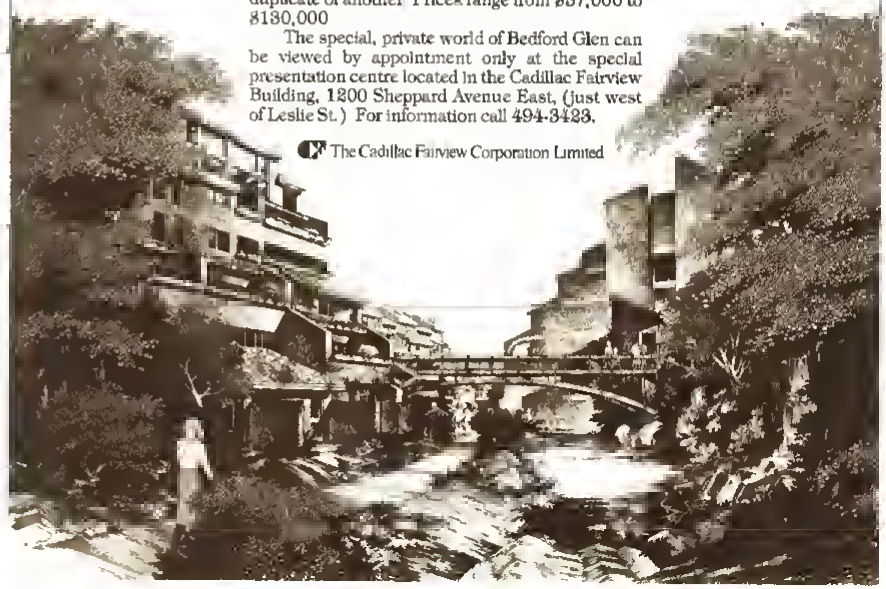
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laments a TV producer who used to hang out there. Celebrities have taken to dropping in when passing through Toronto. Californian comedians Flo and Eddie are almost regulars. And female impersonator Craig Russell floored singer Peter Allen recently when he turned up dressed as Allen's former mother-in-law, Judy Garland.

No one really objects to drinking beer with the stars, but with the post-Stones



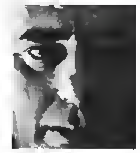
Costello: no place else he'd rather be

boom in the El Mocambo's business and the high cover charges, some accuse Baird of excessive profiteering. Few people realize, he says, that the featured performer often picks up the entire admission charge (except taxes), and if the act doesn't attract a drinking crowd, the club can lose money. His outlay for talent is about $3,000 a night and the price doesn't always guarantee success. Though Baird says profits were down from 1976, he admits that the club grossed one million dollars last year. That's not a bad return on the $250,000 he and his partner Tom Kristenbrun (whose empire includes The Ports, Toby's Good Eats and Bemelman's among others) paid for the El Mocambo in 1972.

It's hard to believe that just six years ago the partners considered themselves lucky to book in blues artists like Otis Rush and Buddy Guy for a crowd of college students and Spadina bohemians. Visiting the El Mocambo now may be paying homage to a rock 'n' roll shrine duly consecrated with Mick Jagger's sweat, but the experience that made the ballroom at the El Mocambo a good place to be has been lost in the club's series of big-name concerts. It's hard to feel the music when the band plays the same tunes twice—once as a practice run in front of the audience and again for live broadcast on CHUM FM. But that's the price paid for what the El Mocambo has become: a magnet for the best rock acts in the world and a much-needed sign of legitimacy for the fledgling Canadian music industry.

KEN WAXMAN

Once you get by Hollywood's sleazy exterior you find a sleazy interior



Column by Mordecai Richler

Two things you ought to know about Hollywood.

Sexually speaking, it has always struck me as much more prim a factory town than Windsor, Ontario. And the most creative people in town are not the directors, writers or actors but the studio accountants who have devised something like 1001 ways of cheating.

It is the lure of money, not sex, that quickens the blood of the quintessential Beverly Hills man. The long-legged girls, admittedly spiffy in their clinging silks, are largely left to themselves at parties their grim men in tailored denims intent only on seeking each other out to make deals. Packaging talent. And along the way cheerfully stealing from it.

Long endured within the trade, the cheating is no longer secret. It has become public knowledge. It made the headlines late last year when David Begelman, then president of Columbia Pictures, was discovered (among other misdemeanors) to have made out a $10,000 cheque in favor of actor Cliff Robertson, forged the signature, and cashed it himself, which was very naughty. Shortly afterward Sean Connery and Michael Caine sued Allied Artists, claiming they had been shortchanged some $200,000 each on their share of the profits of *The Man Who Would Be King*. And there the matter rests.

Cheating in the film business is actually Hollywood's most time-honored tradition, and the best story I know about it involves that fine old star of so many Westerns, Joel McCrea. Some years ago a young cousin of McCrea's knocked on his door and said he was now a graduate accountant looking for work. McCrea had just the thing for him. He had made his last two Westerns at one of the major studios on a profit-sharing basis and suspected that he had been given a sticky-fingered count. Would his cousin go through the books? He did that and then McCrea called the studio head and asked to meet him for lunch. The studio head obliged. After all, McCrea was now one of Hollywood's grand old-timers. At lunch, McCrea allowed he felt that he had not seen his legitimate share of the profits on the last two films he had made at the studio. Not likely, the studio head countered, aghast.

"Well," McCrea ventured, "there's one item here, for instance, charged against both films: $280,000 for color prints."

"Oh that," the studio head said, "well you know how sloppy the labs are these days. It sounds steep but the truth is with you in it we would settle for nothing less than top quality color."

"As it happens," McCrea said dryly, "both were filmed in black-and-white."



The studio head didn't even blink. "I'll tell you what," he said, "come back to my office. I'll write you a check for $250,000 and we'll call it quits on both films."

Cheating is even more important to the Beverly Hills man than proficiency at tennis. To begin with, outrageous studio overheads are charged against each production as well as the bill for a new mink coat for the producer's wife, the redecoration of his mistress's Malibu pad, and his son's scream therapy among other things. If, after all that, a film stubbornly manages to still show a profit, magicians are sent for to conceal it. The profitable film, for instance, is sent out as a second feature on a double bill with a film that has lost money. As the second feature it is only entitled to a third of the take. Furthermore, advertising for both films is double billed to each of them.

As a traditional rule, a film is supposed to go into profit after it has grossed 2.5 times its production cost. But *The Apprenticeship Of Duddy Kravitz*, which cost less than a million to make somehow or other did not go into profit until it had earned more than $4.5 million at the box office. I'm not complaining. Thanks largely to producer John Kemeny's hollering we did earn some profit which is rare indeed for even the most successful films.

Mind you, there is now cheating on the so-called creative side too, which brings me to another Hollywood story, told to me by Ted Kotcheff.

Once after the mass firing of executives in a major studio, the new bunch of thieves found that the dim cousin of the former studio head was employed as a writer for 10 big ones a week, with a year to run on his contract. They tried everything to insult him. They took out his office phone. When that didn't work, they removed his desk. Then they changed the lock on his office door. But he wouldn't quit for the good reason that he was unemployable elsewhere. And so, finally, the studio head called him in, handed him a multi-colored baseball cap and a funny jacket and said, "All right, Harry, if you insist on staying, from now on you're working as a tour guide."

"Okay," Harry said, accepting the cap.

Three months later the Eastern bankers came to look over their studio. They treated their wives to a tour of the lot, drawing the deposed writer as their guide. When they were done, one of the bankers offered Harry a $20 tip. "Oh, no, he protested. "I never take gratuities."

"Aw, come on," the banker said, "I mean, what the hell, how much can you earn as a guide?"

"Oh, me—I make $10,000 a week."

The bankers appalled, hurried into the executive offices and, as a consequence, more hairstyled heads rolled.

The biggest threat to Hollywood is not television or the long-promised earthquake. It's Hollywood.

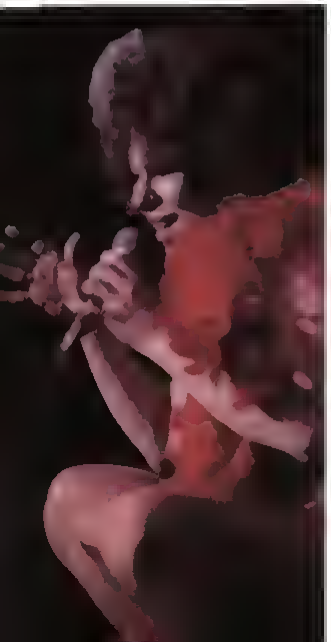
TED MICHENER

Showbusiness

All About Craig

Craig Russell is crying in the Montreal afternoon. He holds a crumpled newspaper review of the previous night's performance in his right hand, offering his left in greeting and lightly brushes his lips across my cheek. "Please," he says gesturing toward a chair piled high with Judy Garland records in his suite at the Chateau Champlain hotel. "Would you like some coffee?" Small tears squeeze from the corners of his eyes as he rummages through vials of perfumes, publicity photos and a wilting bouquet of red roses thrown on stage by an admirer the night before to find a mug of lukewarm coffee. Russell is upset by the review, largely sympathetic which complained about what the reviewer considered to be Russell's tendency to sentimentality—partly in his impersonations of some 20 woman stars, but particularly in an ad libbed curtain call appeal to national unity ("Let's keep it together, eh?") "Do *you* think that's a bad thing? to love your country?' Then, wiping his eyes on the bedspread he retreats into the bathroom. "I mean, *darling*, it can't be true that the French hate the Queen," he drawls in the whiskey voice of Tallulah Bankhead. "Look how they treated *me*."







Russell as West (top), Channing (above) and Midler (left) always a perfect lady

And it was true. The previous night the lobby of the 3,000-seat Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier in Place des Arts had teemed with pose-striking circles of earringed young men, sleek in short haircuts, chic in the latest leather, silk scarves draped over thin shoulders. But more significantly there were the young couples, she back from ceramic lessons at the "Y," he from the office, and even middle-aged pairings who perhaps had been daring enough to have seen Russell's affecting, controlled performance as a homosexual hairdresser in the hit Canadian movie *Outrageous*.

They had sold out the hall in order to see this chunky 30-year-old female impersonator caricature his grandes dames in an often clumsy, chaotic revue, part of whose pungent excitement comes from the audience's voyeuristic fascination in watching a performer dance on the limits of an unstable psyche, part from admiration at his marvelous caricatures—a hilarious Peggy Lee spastic in pink chiffon, a trashy, shambling Bette Midler, oozing obscene rolls of buttock from a scarlet corset. His success in recent months (he recently sold out the staid Imperial Room in Toronto's Royal York Hotel for 18 consecutive shows) is even more unusual since, unlike established impersonators such as Danny LaRue and Jim Bailey, Russell pulls no punches. His show is built on the sort of bitchy, blue, homosexual humor spawned in all-male gay clubs across North America but seldom experienced by straight audiences.

If the fame is less than a year old, the gestation was much longer. Born Craig Hurst, he grew up in small towns throughout Ontario before his parents settled in the bungalowed Toronto suburb of Scarborough. When they divorced he lived with his father from ages 14 to 16. It was not a happy time. His upright parent had no patience for a boy who ran the wrong way in football tryouts or kept girlie magazines in his desk drawer (he once made a bonfire of Craig's *Playboys*, saying, "Let this fire burn the filth from your life.")

His high school was called Cedarbrae—even the name conjures images of pep and crimson-cheeked cross country teams, none of which had much to do with a sad sack boy who wore Pan-Cake makeup on his face to cover his acne. He retreated to his basement room, watching the flickering black and white images of Hollywood on late-night movies, absorbing the strength



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Russell transforming himself: given that drag can be a life, the life can be a drag

of the stars, especially the women. A letter to Mae West telling her he had founded a fan club led the flattered star to invite him to visit her in California and at 16 Craig went, staying up three days and nights on the bus. The pilgrimage was repeated in 1967 after Russell quit school in Grade 11. That time he stayed seven months as La West's secretary.

The rest of the story has familiar echoes for those who have seen *Outrageous* since it is based on a short story by his friend Margaret Gibson, who in turn based it on their life together. Back in Toronto by the end of 1968, Russell went to hairdressing school and started living with Gibson, who had known him at Cedarbrae. They lived and slept together for two years, during which Russell started work on his monologues and drag routines. With Margaret's encouragement ("I was the first person who didn't tell him drag was weird"), he decided in 1970 to exercise his talent, diving into gay bars and back-street bistros. His subtle performance in *Outrageous* drew critical attention and a successful run at a club called Theatre East in New York and, in March, the unprecedented nine-day run at the Imperial Room. It has also brought fatigue, worry and confusion.

The last of the large crowd is shuffling toward Imperial Room maître d' Louis Jannetta, waiting patiently to be seated for Craig Russell's eighteenth and last show. Two middle-aged couples in the line are talking loudly. "All those movie stars that made those clean-cut movies 20 years ago," says a tall lady in a lime-green pant suit, "now they're all using *that* word and running around in the nude." Her husband steers her toward their table and offers, "Harriet doesn't like the f-word." On the small dance floor, knots of crimplene and polyester glide and sway as the Howard Cable Orchestra mewls out *Feelings*.

The show begins with an overture from Paul Hoffert's *Outrageous* score and Russell's toothy, scratchy-voiced Carol Channing. And with her come the jokes, references to sodomy and the non-journalistic Deep Throat, interspersed with rages at the band's drummer all punctuated with Harriet's f-word and obscene dalliances with the microphone. A wonderful burlesque of Mae West's portly lasciviousness, pink tongue flicking and hands stroking her torso and an Anita Bryant fairly quivering with the righteousness of Leviticus ("Oh Jesus, I feel you in me") salvage unsuccessful moments spoiled by a misused and overworked voice. He curses Jannetta for not filling a stage-side table, reaches down and throws the offending chairs, bouncing and cracking to the side of the stage. "I don't want empty seats," he hisses. "It makes me feel like a failure." The show begins to feel like the last days of Judy Garland: haywire, erratic, the substance ruined by petulance, private in-jokes directed at managers and friends, love/hate barbs at the audience.

Indeed, the state of confusion spreads to the audience—can some of it, in fact, be staged? Russell's Billie Holiday falls into the band, his Garland slurs and forgets her words; it's as Streisand that he throws the chairs, all three, in real life, capable of just such excesses and more. Mirrors upon mirrors reflecting back on one another—legends, fears, realities, fantasies cannonading back and forth, disorienting enough that, after the show, Russell will be placed in a wheelchair waiting in the wings and rolled directly to his room.

"He wants to have things so perfect," frets his anxiously doting mother Norma, secretary-treasurer of a Toronto insurance agency and Craig's business manager, "but he does so many things to make it wrong. He thinks people come to see him just because he's outrageous." Adds Margaret Gibson, "Craig needs time away from drag. His estimate of himself right now is very low." Nor was it helped when he was

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forced to give up his stints as presenter and performer, respectively, on both the ACTRA and Juno award nights last month. Both would have given him invaluable national TV exposure, but in the first instance he was replaced, according to an ACTRA spokesman, "because he had been in his dressing room all afternoon and got completely indisposed." In the second, he bowed out for reasons of "exhaustion." In short, those tantalizing ambivalences that make his act such a potential winner are what seem to be making his personal life such a lonely no-man's-land.

"I was a homosexual once," he says, fingering a glass of Benedictine liqueur in his Montreal suite. His hair is tousled, eyes swollen and eyebrows plucked, making his face even softer, fleshier and more feminine than it seems on stage. "But I've had more fun with women than with men." (He says he has fathered two illegitimate children, and supports them.) As he talks, his ladies flicker across his face. "The Royal York was like a climax for me. When I started everyone pointed and said that's a fairy. Now I'm making them pay."

Revenge was a reason for the searing ratchetiness of some of the shows? His head dips in a conspiratorial nod. But what about the fans, what about Harriet, will they come back to see you? "They'll be back," a touch of Garland here, "they'll be back because they wonder 'Is he a homosexual? Is he self-destructive? Is he on drugs? Is he really talented? How come I enjoyed this show, even though when I think back I was offended?'" In the meantime, as most of his grandes dames knew, there is the loneliness. "I get notes from old high-school acquaintances but no one offers to come backstage. They think they're going to find some monster or schizo back here. But I'm not a schizo, I only get wild on stage." He has no lover now. "The audience is my lover," he says, in the self-mocking hoarse rattle of a Bette Davis.

His hairdresser and secretary quietly pokes his head into the room to remind Russell that he must get ready for the trip to Boston for a concert, an engagement at Los Angeles' Studio One follows late this month with Vancouver's Queen Elizabeth Theatre booked for May 5. "Soon," Russell replies, then leans towards the visitor. "I just want to make people happy and to wake them up. To show them that if a child is different, *hold him*, don't push him away, don't send them to a shrink—." He stops, rearranges some records and grabs the mutilated review. "They just don't understand. Look at this," he says, stabbing the headline *Russell Pleads For Help*—"that's crazy, it's only an *act*." But his eyes again fill with tears and he reaches up and turns off the lamp, sucking the color from the dim room, making it inseparable from the dripping grey of the rainy Montreal afternoon. "Sex is only a matter of lighting," he had said from the stage the night before. In the mirrored ambiguity of Russell's universe, happiness may be too. TOM HOPKINS



George Shaw, Vice President, Institutional Account Executive, Toronto

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Books

They just don't make taboos like they used to

KALKI
by Gore Vidal
(Random House $12.50)

The trouble with iconoclasm is that it has gone respectable. The image-breakers have taken over from the image-makers and the intellectual climate is dominated by an atmosphere of genteel revolt in which attacking established morality seems as conventional a literary activity as praising daffodils once was.

One North American iconoclast on whom respectability has taken a heavy toll is Gore Vidal. He certainly made waves with his early novel, *The City And The Pillar*, which defended homosexuality—but that was 30 years ago. Today all enlightened people defend homosexuality, many even believing that where culture and sensitivity to the finer things are concerned it is superior to other sexual orientations.

Hence the weakness of *Kalki*, Vidal's latest politico-sexual satire...a novel set in the near future about an American Vietnam-veteran-turned-Hindu-god who promises to kill off the world's existing inhabitants and repopulate it from his own loins. Time has blunted its bite. In vain does the author resort to his favorite shock tactic of making gay look straight and straight look gay. Eyebrows refuse to raise even when Kalki beds a lesbian test pilot at the source of the Ganges. In a world where right and wrong are equally respectable, reversing them is no longer even surprising.

Kalki suffers above all from satire's kiss of death: predictability. A positive miasma of *déjà lu* hangs over its pages as one by one the familiar nihilistic pieties are trotted out. Christianity is spoken of in the same breath as scientology; the Beatles are called the spiritual high noon of the 20th century; transubstantiation is joked about; God is compared to gentalia; the CIA is assumed to be in the drug-peddling business; senatorial hypocrisy is equated with opposition to abortion, pollution and the neutron bomb are pinned on the multinationals; even Nixon gets in on the act with a slap on the wrist for trickiness.

The characters also belong to the anti-establishment main stream. The heroine, Teddy Ottinger, an aviatrix, mother of two, sterilized, divorced and payer of alimony would not have been out of place voting at last year's Houston women's conference with Rosalynn Carter and Lady Bird Johnson in favor of equal rights for lesbians. Admittedly, Kalki himself is a little further into oriental religions than most of us are prepared to go, but it is only too easy to imagine him as guest lecturer for a course in Myth and Magic.

Still, there is more to this novel than warmed-over radicalism. Somewhere beneath the ideological smog is a briskly and believably told story lit up by vintage Vidalian one-liners. Teddy Ottinger, coming out of a Hindu temple, tips a scared monkey; on another occasion she hears a TV crewman in Katmandu shout "I need more power" and thinks "Who does not?" And the scene in the Delhi Hilton lobby where aging CIA operative Dr. Ashok falls creaking to his knees at the feet of Kalki's goddess wife, currently occupying the body of an American co-ed, has—like many other scenes in the novel—the makings of high comedy.

But only the makings. No amount of good writing can compensate for left-wing sententiousness. What *Kalki* shows is that to be truly unconventional these days one must rediscover the old conventions. Shocking the bourgeois has become



Vidal: a jaded sniper at a faded target

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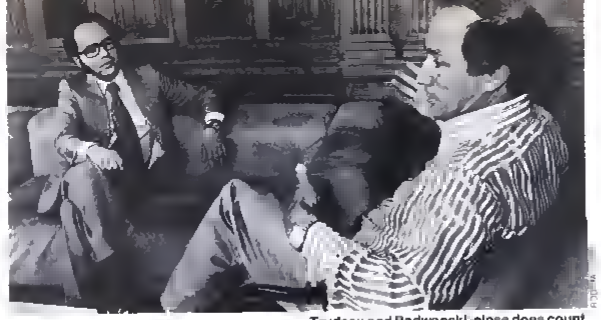


bourgeois Vidal spends too much time telling the emperor he has no clothes on in a nudist colony. JOHN MUGGERIDGE

The Rt. Hon. Stronger

TRUDEAU
by George Radwanski
(Macmillan $14.95)

With the opening of a new political hunting season Pierre Trudeau has changed his spots again. In yet another metamorphosis the vulnerable single parent given easily to tears and set adrift in a world of wolves struggles to defend his record and save an ungrateful nation. In an unusual eight hours of taped interviews with George Radwanski which are both the strength and a weakness in the plot Trudeau reveals himself as a truly remarkable individual. And remarkably strange at times.



Trudeau and Radwanski: close does count

At six the frail youth does Sax exercises on an outdoor balcony in winter "so that (my) lungs would grow strong." At Bréboeuf the schoolboy launches into a wide-eyed pursuit of Cézanne Le Corbusier and Debussy in a world as one tutor puts it "a bit cut off from the atmosphere of daily life." As a teen-ager there dawns the realization of excessive dependence on peer-group plaudits with an attendant vow to cut himself off from the crowd. The result, in Trudeau's words is "a very obdurate" and "inner-directed guy"—a man, Radwanski concludes sympathetically, who is a "flawed leader" and an "unfulfilled" prime minister not a failed one.

Radwanski 31, the Ottawa editor for the *Financial Times*, effectively weaves the new personal reflections from Trudeau with the frayed existing career tapestry to fill in large gaps around Trudeau's actions. There is Trudeau's frank admission that he erred in not massaging John Turner enough to keep him in the cabinet in 1976 and Trudeau's defense that he operates under "a different code of behavior" in which simply being kept on the team is "the proof that you're doing a good job." There is a hint of Machiavelli in Trudeau's decision in 1976 to confront rumblings about his leadership in the party by laying out a formal mechanism in which his two most trusted cabinet colleagues Marc Lalonde and Donald Macdonald would serve as conduits for any consensus that he should resign. There is also the astute perception of Trudeau's "reward-for-effort" style periods of intense work followed by holidays or plain inactivity.

Radwanski has paid a price for his extraordinary access to the PM however. In a chapter on political theory and the PM's defense of the crackdown on civil liberties during the October Crisis in 1970 Trudeau's unchallenged rationalizations are unconvincing and displace more critical assessments. Curiously the Trudeaus' separation which ranks as one of the major events of the PM's decade in office is



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How to talk about drinking & driving



to your teenagers

We all know going out is fun, and no parent wants to take away those good times. But these days, with teenagers in and out of cars so much, it's crucial that they understand the dangers of drinking and driving, and that they can avert potential trouble by making the right decisions.

First, set your son or daughter straight on this often-misunderstood fact: beer, wine and spirits—in excess, all three are just as dangerous on the road.

A good way of avoiding trouble is to plan ahead. Suggest that your teenagers review their evening before going out. If they see drinking involved, far better to leave the car at home than to take chances later behind the wheel.

Far better also to say no to a drink, to refuse to drive, or to turn down a lift with an impaired friend than to go along with the crowd and maybe regret it.

You can support your teenagers and give them confidence by letting them know that if they ever need help you'll go for them, pay their cab or do whatever is necessary to get them home safely.

Most important, be a good example. Never drive if you've had even one drink too many. Better still, don't let it come to that. Know your limit and stay within it.

to your parents

If you're not of legal drinking age, don't touch a drop. But if you are, and you drive, then you're old enough to do your part in reaching an agreement with your parents on the subject.

Sure they worry. Because even if you don't drink, others in your group may. The friend driving you home one night may have had too much.

Show that you're equally concerned. Get serious. For instance, what have you read lately about the dangers of drinking and driving? Do you know how much beer, wine or spirits your body can safely handle before your judgment becomes impaired? Do you know the law in your province? And what happens if you break it?

Get the facts and discuss them calmly. Then take the initiative and propose a few family ground rules.

No driving if you've been drinking beyond your limit. (We'll send you a valuable free chart on responsible limits if you write us.) No riding with a friend who's been drinking. And convince your parents if a situation ever turns dicey, you won't hesitate to phone for help.

Finally, remind your parents you're concerned for their safety, too, and that the family rules on drinking and driving apply to them, as well.

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A plan that benefits Canada.

Prairie grain producers are receiving several million dollars from the Western Canada Grain Stabilization plan this year. And it's important to remember that the money is bolstering our whole economy.

The stabilization program was introduced by government after consultation with representative farm organizations like the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool.

Contributions are made each year by both farmers and government. Payment is made to farmers when net grain income falls below the average of the preceding 5 years. With last year's low world grain prices and high production costs, net income fell by hundreds of millions of dollars and a payout became necessary.

Purpose of the plan is two-fold. It cushions the effect on farmers of years when grain income is reduced. And it helps maintain business and employment that result from farm spending.

Prairie farmers are big spenders on machinery, equipment, fuel, fertilizer, chemicals and other production items, as well as for transportation services and consumer goods. In fact, about ⅓ of our labour force is involved in the agriculture and food industry.

Given a choice, farmers would prefer adequate returns from the marketplace. But that choice is not always available, so measures like the Stabilization Plan become necessary.

Western grain production is a major pillar of our economy. Its health affects the whole country.

Saskatchewan Wheat Pool POOL

The 73,000 farmers who own Saskatchewan Wheat Pool present these facts to help create a better understanding of Canadian agriculture.

hardly touched at all. Trudeau's disavowal, again uncontested by Radwanski, of the promise of a waterfront park for Toronto in the 1972 campaign—"it certainly wasn't part of *my* campaign"—rivals Houdini in his finest hour.

It's a well researched portrait, nonetheless, and an indispensible tool in the fascinating task of unearthing the mysteries of our fifteenth Prime Minister. Even when Trudeau is allowed to ramble unchallenged there are striking glimpses at the foibles of the man—in much the same manner that the Leader of the Opposition is exposed in *Joe Clark* by his friend Dave Humphreys (*Maclean's*, April 3). Radwanski concludes that Trudeau "has diagnosed where society should be going, but he has never mustered sufficient boldness to try to deliver it there." Now, with an election upon him, Trudeau is running out of time. The result of the vote, as Radwanski observes, will determine Trudeau's place in history. **ROBERT LEWIS**

Thanks for the memory

PARADE ON AN EMPTY STREET
by Margaret Drury Gane
(Clarke Irwin $10.95)

Living in Toronto in the 1930s was about as exciting as planting a coolly dutiful kiss on the cheek of some distantly related spinster to be endured and quickly forgotten. Toronto the Good boasted neither the cosmopolitan promise of Montreal nor the rugged romanticism of W. O. Mitchell's Prairies. But in *Parade On An Empty Street*, Margaret Drury Gane transforms



Gane: finding a way to go home again

the Hogtown of yesteryear into the ideal backdrop for a novel about childhood and growing up.

Gane, a free-lance journalist and former contributing editor to *Weekend Magazine*, wrote *Parade*—her first novel—as an extended version of a short story. The outcome could have been the bare bones of the original tale with plenty of padding thrown in. Instead she sketches a vivid array of characters enhanced by her eye for



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AIR CANADA'S FIRST CLASS

back-porch life and her ear for the idiom of schoolyard banter

The world of horse-drawn trucks Sunnyside Beach and Union Jacks unfolds in a bittersweet daydream by Keith Gilles, a balding, divorced, fiftyish dentist While waiting in his lawyer's reception room, Gilles catches a fleeting glimpse of a partner in the firm who looks familiar She is Shirley Upshaw, the sensitive yet elusive orphan who decades earlier reached out to Keith in friendship and suddenly disappeared Gilles drifts back to the dusty, sun-flecked Toronto neighborhoods of 1939, when 11-year-old Keith watched curiously as Shirley moved into the house across the street But Gilles also remembers strange old Mrs Upshaw, Shirley's grandmother and only guardian, who locked away the child after school and harbored a dark secret about Shirley's parents

A naive boy, a mysterious orphan, a tyrannical grandmother, a foreboding house—all these elements could have been twisted into a melodramatic update of *Great Expectations* or yet another Harlequin romance But by placing Keith and Shirley in Toronto—WASPish, boring and mundane—Gane balances the cobwebby excesses of the plot with generous helpings of everyday life Keith is free to imagine himself "Supermanning her into Lois Lane, shadowing her into the lovely Margo Lane," because he's always brought back to baseball cards, Mackenzie King's radio broadcasts and the Canadian National Exhibition Gane deftly proves that in Gillies' life, as well as in Canadian fiction, "there are still some unknown roads to run a few colors left to fly" HENRY MIETKIEWICZ

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1 **The Silmarillion, *Tolkien* (6)**
2 **The Thorn Birds, *McCullough* (1)**
3 **The Honourable Schoolboy, *Le Carré* (2)**
4 **Act Of God, *Templeton* (5)**
5 **Bloodline, *Sheldon* (7)**
6 **The Holcraft Covenant, *Ludlum***
7 **The Second Ring Of Power, *Castaneda* (3)**
8 **Daniel Martin, *Fowles* (4)**
9 **Goodbye California, *Maclean* (9)**
10 **Drama Dia First, *Robbins* (10)**

NONFICTION

1 **The Ends Of Power, *Haldeman***
2 **The Country Diary Of An Edwardian Lady, *Holden* (7)**
3 **Dear Me, *Ustinov* (1)**
4 **All Things Wise And Wonderful, *Harriot* (3)**
5 **McClure The China Years, *Scott* (4)**
6 **Trudeau, *Radwanski***
7 **Tom Thomson, *Town/Silcox* (8)**
8 **The Amityville Horror, *Anson* (8)**
9 **The Dionne Years, *Berton* (2)**
10 **All of Babe's Children, *Kostash* (5)**

()Position last issue

Prepared with the aid of the Canadian Booksellers Association

Obituary

He left the world a better place—inarguably

Looking back it must have seemed like a miracle Banting was just 29 in that summer of 1921, a surgeon not long out of medical school Best was a boy of 22 only a recent graduate in arts Their research laboratory, grudgingly loaned for three months by the University of Toronto was dark and humid They ate poorly They were not paid Calculate the odds two inexperienced young men badly equipped with 90 days to change the face of medical history

The world now knows well what Sir Frederick G Banting and Dr Charles Herbert Best discovered that summer—a crude extract of precious insulin a chemical derived from the pancreas and capable of controlling diabetes mellitus, a killer disease as old as China Dr Best died last month in Toronto at 79 and his death following abdominal surgery was an occasion for remembering his contribution to what remains one of modern medicine's outstanding achievements



H MAHON

Best (left), Banting and Marjorie just after that great day in 1921 so much is owed

The existence of insulin had been suspected for more than a decade and the attempt to extract and isolate it occupied researchers around the world But Banting and Best experimenting with diseased pancreases removed from diabetic dogs, were the first They made one mongrel famous—Marjorie a shot of unpurified insulin roused her from a coma and she lived for years Six months later, on January 11, 1922—after first verifying its safety with large doses on themselves—the first human diabetic was given insulin 14-year-old Leonard Thompson at Toronto General Hospital With insulin, Thompson went on to live another 12 years before dying of causes unrelated to diabetes

The world at large proclaimed them, although only Banting and Dr J J R Macleod, the physiologist who had reluctantly made the lab space available and then left for a summer holiday were cited for the 1923 Nobel Prize in medicine Banting who died in an air crash in Newfoundland in 1941 graciously shared his award with Best

If Best was slighted at the lack of recognition accorded him and vexed by Macleod's tendency to want all the credit for his own, he nursed his bitterness privately He was that kind of man By mutual agreement Banting and Best never earned a fee for their discovery Instead they sold the patent papers to the university for one dollar, stipulating that no royalties ever be charged on the manufacture of insulin

The son of a family doctor from King County, Nova Scotia, Best was actually born in West Pembroke, Maine in a house overlooking Passamaquoddy Bay He was schooled there and later received his BA, MA and MD degrees from the University of Toronto In the years following their discovery, Best supervised insulin production at the Connaught Medical Research Laboratories Later, he succeeded Macleod as head of physiology and later still, Banting, as head of the Banting and Best Department of Medical Research There, Best helped develop heparin a blood thinner used in open-heart surgery and played a significant part in other medical areas

Nothing eclipsed, of course, the miracle of insulin Before it was found, less than 20% of the world's diabetics lived 10 years with the disease Children seldom lasted a year Now millions live near-normally—bearing healthy children and sharing life expectancies approaching those of non-diabetics "It was just like fighting a war" Best said of his fateful summer "You just had to win"

Best with Banting, won decisively And in doing so, made the rest of us winners too MICHAEL POSNER



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The people who throw stones are about to be moved into glass houses



Column by Allan Fotheringham

For all the navel-gazing and literary justifications done by the inmates themselves—all those crooked lawyers involved in the most analyzed election in history—quite the most interesting book on Richard Nixon's 1972 victory had little to do with politicians. It was about the mechanics of how the press *covers* the politicians. *The Boys On The Bus* by Timothy Crouse a young reporter for *Rolling Stone*, was remarkable because for the first time we had a member of the press describing how other members of the press went about what Kipling called "the black art" journalism. The reader had a spy on the inside. Crouse was the Trojan Horse, an unknown kid riding the campaign bus and campaign jet with all the press and TV heavies, then revealing all their secrets.



It is, I suppose, a sign of the maturation of Canada as a society that we too now have a designated watcher to watch the watchers. Doubleday has commissioned Clive Cocking, a free-lance magazine writer, to hitch onto the upcoming election trail and do the same to (for?) the Ottawa Press Gallery as Crouse did for (to?) the Washington press gang.

Good luck, Cocking. Your first mistake was in letting the secret slip out. How can a Trojan Horse function if it is revealed, naked? Who's going to attack the stewardess with you and your tape recorder watching? Crouse succeeded because no one knew what he was doing until the book came out. The press—which is more thin-skinned than most of its victims—squeals like a stuck hog when pricked and will be especially twitchy (ask Senator Davey) when it knows beforehand it will be under scrutiny. Cocking, good luck. You'll need it. (Plus a protective cup.)

Actually, it's a good idea since the press is the last of the institutions—after the church, government, business, medicine, the law and the universities have had a dose of it—to be put under severe examination. John Porter in *The Vertical Mosaic* 13 years ago pointed out, "perhaps no other occupational group in modern society appropriates to itself a role which requires all-seeing wisdom in so many spheres." (That's us! That's us!) Until the advent of Doubleday and Cocking, about the only serious look at the underbelly of the Ottawa press was Larry Zolf's 1973 tour de force *Dance Of The Dialectic* in which he defined the illuminati—broken into four subspecies: the Punditi-in (those the Trudeaucrats favored), the Punditi-out (those the Trudeaucrats frowned on), the Radical Chichi (self-evident), the Banditi (aged typewriter warriors who never budge from Ottawa—and the despised Paparazzi (those of mike-in-the-nostril fame).

Since neither Arthur Hailey nor Richard Rohmer have volunteered to do us a paint-by-numbers description of how the press really operates we'll have to wait for Cocking. He may even succeed, for the simple fact as explained by Crouse (and confirmed by the wife of any journalist) that the business is populated largely by "shy egomaniacs." Instead of missing a beautiful opportunity to keep their mouths shut they may indeed blab. Who of large reputation in fact steals most of his stuff from other reporters' dupes? Which scribes (let alone which aggressive opposition critics) couldn't exist if *The Globe and Mail* ever went on strike? Will anyone acknowledge what a useful journalist Paul Hellyer has become? For all the behind-the-hand jokes and ridicule about his Cold War rhetoric how many reporters secretly admire the courage and consistency of Lubor J. Zink, the anti-Communist Quixote?

An outsider accustomed to a constant adversary role with all politicians is always slightly stunned at encountering the extent of cooperation between the Ottawa press and their supposed targets in government. In truth they are both victims (being denizens of such a small one-industry town) of a symbiotic relationship—like the wary bond between prisoners and guards in a penitentiary, they have more in common than with the strange outside world. (Given a choice, a Press Gallery regular would far prefer to spend several hours drinking with a politician rather than with a member of the real world.)

We are treading you understand on sacred ground here. Val Sears, *The Toronto Sunday Star*'s vastly experienced reporter, complains that he has written hundreds of obviously brilliant things but is sinking into the history books because of being quoted in a book (by the editor of this here magazine) as saying as he mounted a Diefenbaker campaign plane in 1962 "To work, gentlemen. We have a government to overthrow." It was accurate of course and typically sardonic Sears who once wrote of Nixon and Agnew that Spiro was "the evil of two lessers." And who recently wrote that he presumed Maureen McTeer "pulls on her panty hose one leg at a time."

There is the subject, ahem, of sex, since the current Ottawa sport is spot-the-cabinet-minister's-stenographer. Is turnabout fair play? Do journalists in fact have sex lives? (It seems doubtful, considering the hours imposed on them by their cruel employers). Crouse dealt with it in *The Boys On The Bus* by explaining that on the Nixon press jet there was the West-of-the-Potomac rule: "Nothing that happens west of the Potomac is talked about east of the Potomac."

There was the famous case several years back, of the two resident Press Gallery studs—typically, one anglophone, one francophone—who on a prime ministerial stop overseas had only three hours to prove their record of never failing to score abroad. To waiting cheers from their jaded colleagues, they struggled, sweating, on board the plane with minutes to go—mission accomplished. Do Medicine Hat and Etobicoke care about such seamy stuff? You betcha.

There are dozens of pack journalism judgment calls. What broadcast legend threw up on the head of a stern columnist on a Pearson plane? What name journalist, zonked, walked off the plane in Moscow smack into a Russian tuba? What byline figure by contrast has lead paragraphs beneath his feet like confetti? Does Cocking dare? Will Cocking have a free-lance outlet left? Will he ever get on the bus?—Me, I think I'll wait until the movie. I can't stand blood.

ALAN HINGS

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